



MAY NO. 183

10c

**POW-WOW SMITH**  
INDIAN LAWMAN

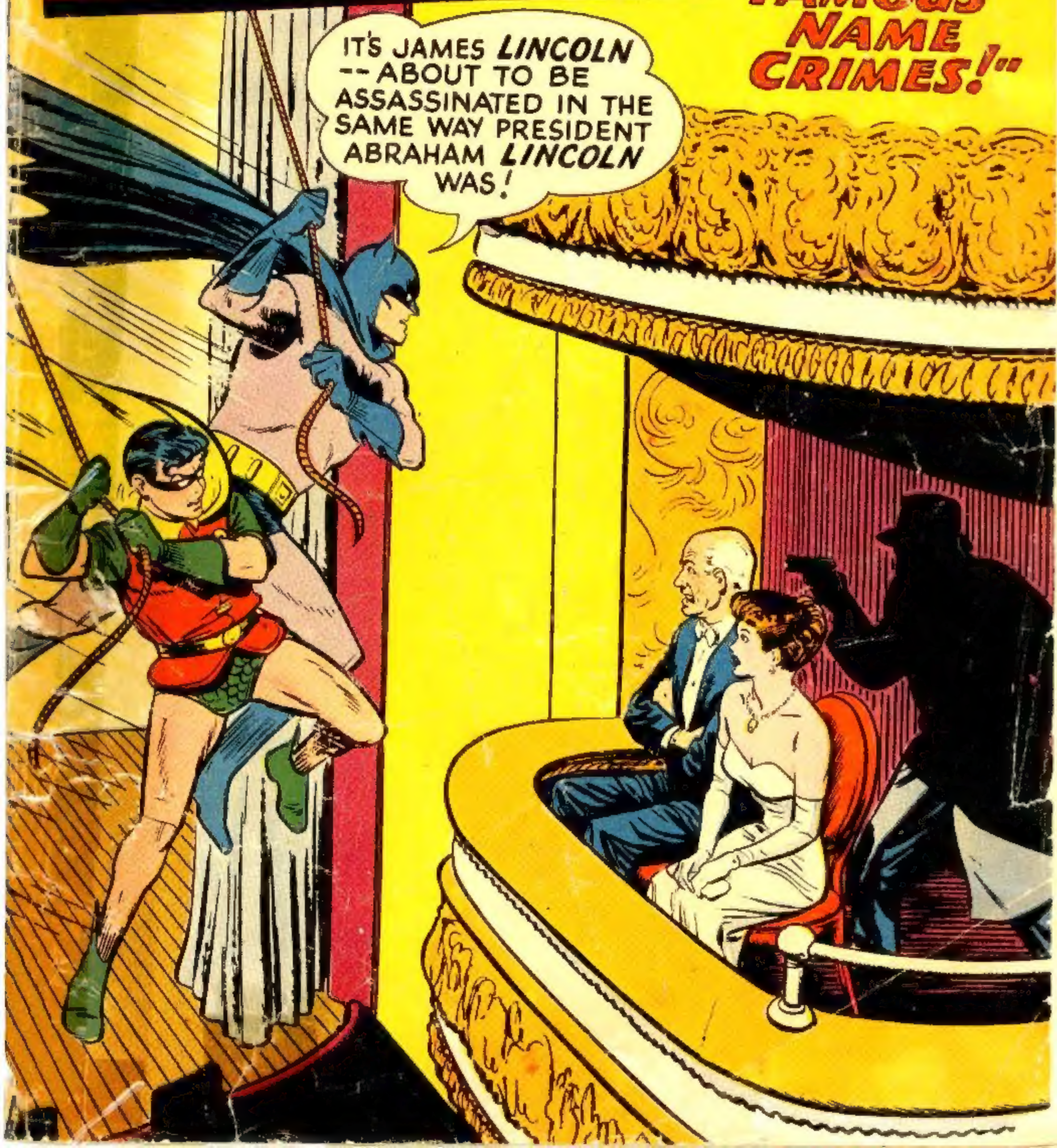


# Detective COMICS

**BATMAN  
and ROBIN**  
CHALLENGE THE  
PHANTOM MENACE  
BEHIND...

*"5/6*  
**FAMOUS  
NAME  
CRIMES!"**

IT'S JAMES LINCOLN  
-- ABOUT TO BE  
ASSASSINATED IN THE  
SAME WAY PRESIDENT  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
WAS!





# SUPERBOY in "HAPPY HOBBY TIME!"



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# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

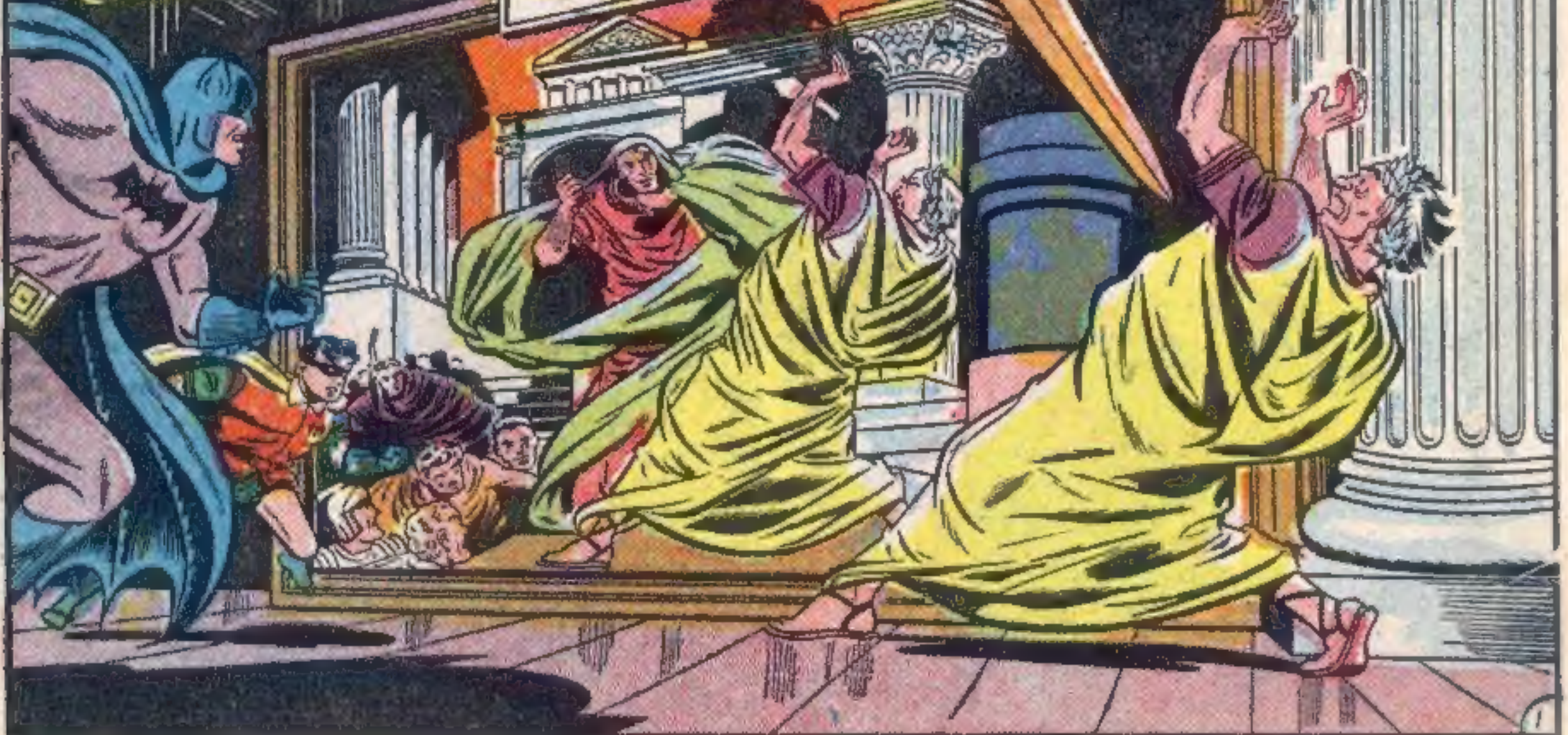
-THE BOY WONDER-



IT'S A PROUD THING TO OWN THE SAME LAST NAME AS SOME GREAT PERSONAGE OF THE PAST... TO HAVE A LINCOLN OR A FRANKLIN OR A CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AS YOUR NAMESAKE! BUT ONE CAN BE TOO PROUD OF THAT, AS A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN LEARN WHEN SINISTER MENACE STALKS THEM BECAUSE OF THEIR SURNAMES! AND NO STRANGER MYSTERY HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN EVER ATTEMPTED TO SOLVE THAN THE CRYPTIC KILLINGS OF THE...

**"FAMOUS  
NAMES  
CRIMES!"**

DEATH of JULIUS CAESAR





ONE EVENING IN GOTHAM CITY, A STARTLED TAXI-DRIVER GAWKS AT A STRANGE SIGHT...

GOOD EVENING, MR. CAESAR!

GOOD EVENING!

GREAT GUNS! HIS NAME'S CAESAR AND HE'S DRESSED LIKE A ROMAN!

MOMENTS LATER, THE STREET IS FILLED WITH OTHER MEN CLAD IN COLORFUL COSTUMES OF THE PAST...

GOOD EVENING, MR. BONAPARTE! GOOD EVENING, MR. LINCOLN!

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE NAPOLEON AND LINCOLN, BUT THEY'RE DRESSED LIKE THEM!

AW, IT'S JUST SOME COSTUME PARTY!

IT IS A COSTUME PARTY... YET THOSE ARE THEIR REAL NAMES! THIS IS THE **NAMESAKE CLUB**, AND TO BE A MEMBER YOU MUST HAVE THE **SAME NAME** AS SOME FAMOUS PERSON OF HISTORY!

HMPH, THEY MUST BE MIGHTY PROUD OF A MERE ACCIDENTAL SIMILARITY OF NAMES!

THE MEMBERS OF THE **NAMESAKE CLUB** ARE GREETED BY THEIR CHAIRMAN, **VICTOR CASABIANCA**, AND VICE-CHAIRMAN, **JOHN COOK**!

GLAD TO SEE YOU, MR. HAMILTON!

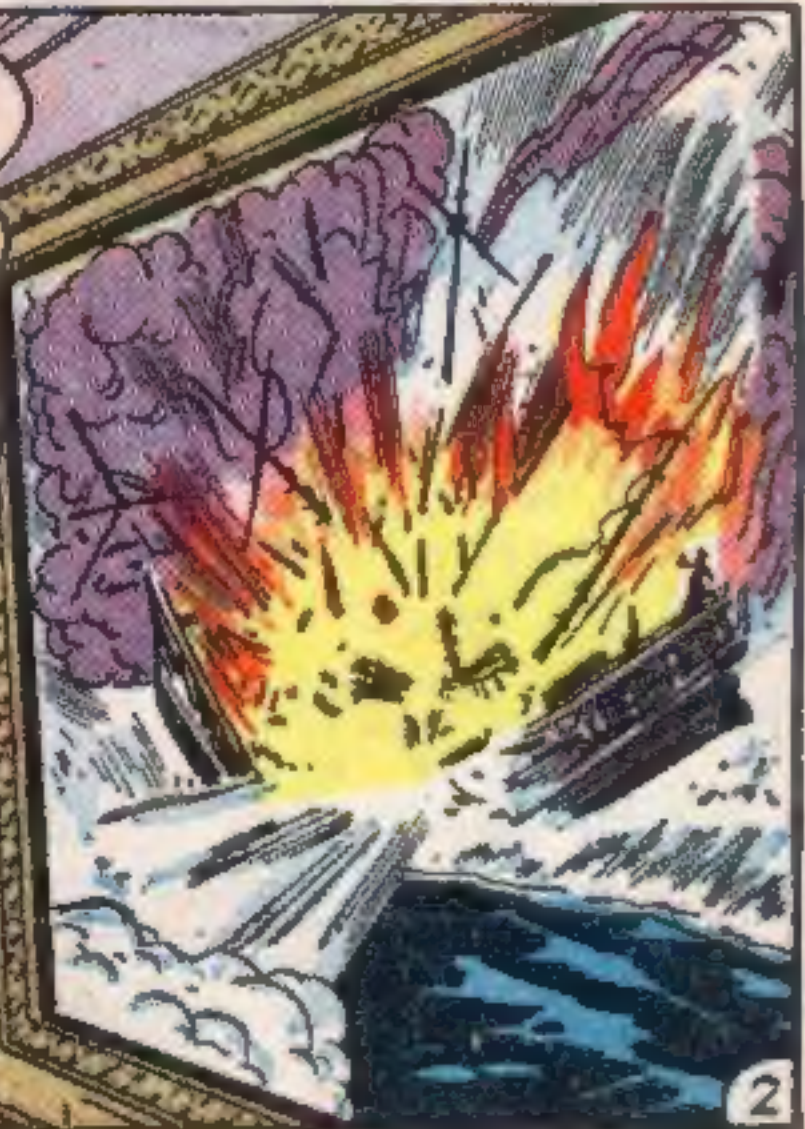
THE WHOLE MEMBERSHIP IS HERE TONIGHT, MR. DRAKE!

THEN, SUDDENLY, AN OMINOUS INTERRUPTION!

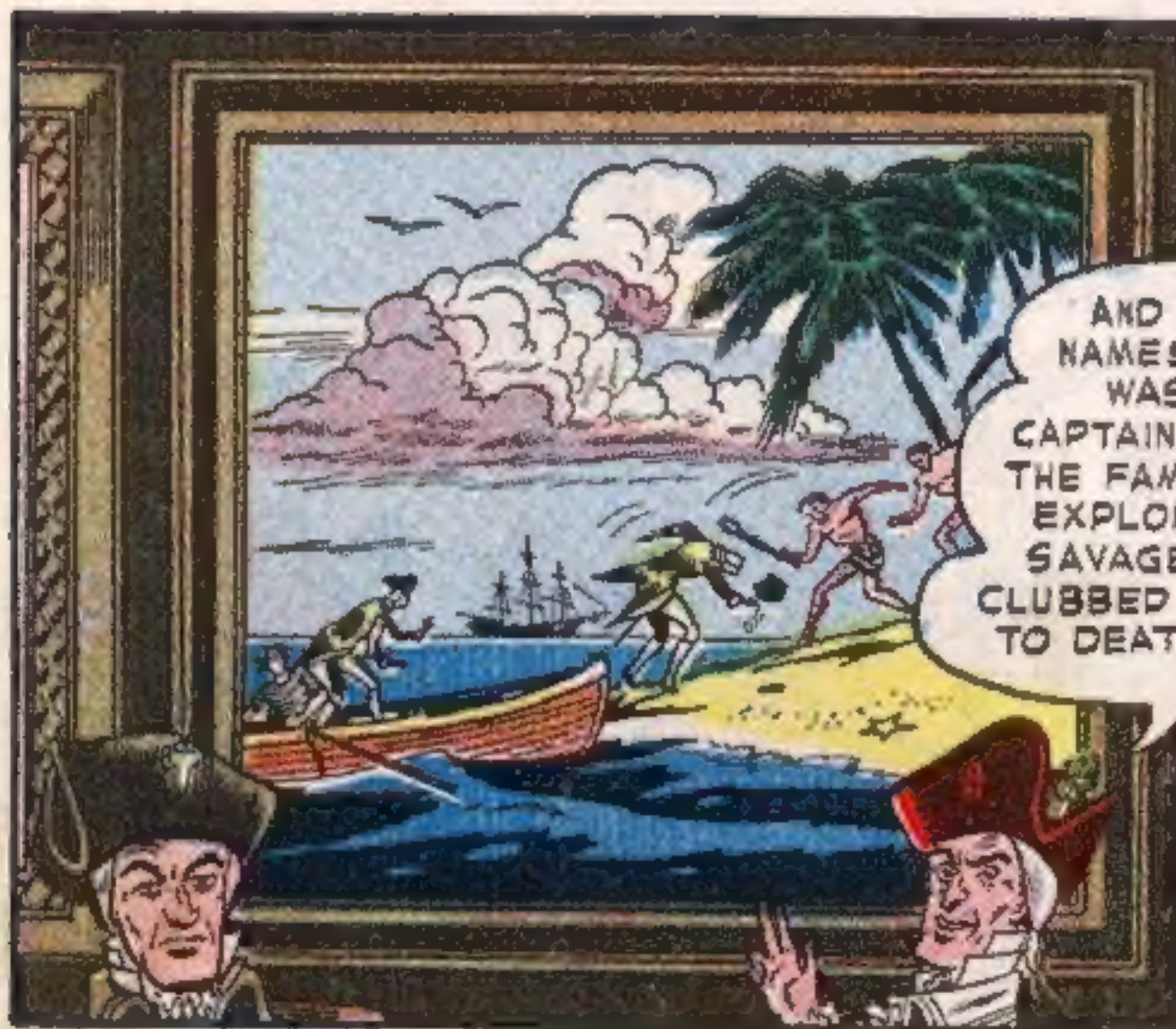
YOU KNOW YOUR APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP WAS TURNED DOWN, MR. HOOD! YOU CAN'T JOIN OUR CLUB!

BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP ME OUT... MY NAMESAKE WAS **ROBIN HOOD**!

**ROBIN HOOD** WAS ONLY A NICKNAME FOR **ROBERT, EARL OF HUNTINGDON**! NOW MY NAMESAKE WAS THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN **CASABIANCA**, THE FATHER OF THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK! HIS SHIP WAS BLOWN UP AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE!







AND MY NAMESAKE WAS CAPTAIN COOK, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER! SAVAGES CLUBBED HIM TO DEATH!

SO YOU SEE, WE CAN'T TAKE ANYBODY IN JUST ON A NICKNAME!

ALL RIGHT... BUT I HOPE YOU ALL COME TO BAD ENDS, JUST AS SOME OF YOUR NAMESAKES DID!



WAS THE REJECTED ROBIN HOOD PRO-  
NOUNCING A PROPHECY OF DOOM? FOR  
LATER, WHEN THE FESTIVITIES ARE AT  
THEIR HEIGHT...



IT'S CAESAR! HE'S DEAD!

STABBED IN THE BACK, LIKE HIS FAMOUS NAMESAKE! CALL THE POLICE!

SOON, SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD DICK GRAYSON SEE A FAMILIAR AND OMINOUS SIGN IN THE SKY!



THE BAT-SIGNAL!

THE POLICE NEED BATMAN AND ROBIN AGAIN... QUICK!

A CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND SWIFTLY THE BATMOBILE BRINGS THE ACE CRIME-FIGHTERS TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



OUR INVESTIGATION REVEALS THAT HOOD THREATENED THE MEMBERS OF THE NAMESAKE CLUB... AND APPARENTLY HE HAS CARRIED OUT HIS THREAT!

HE MUST BE MAD TO KILL ON SUCH GROUNDS, COMMISSIONER GORDON! WE MUST GRAB HIM BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!

BUT BEFORE THE MIGHTY DUO CAN START ON THE GRIM MANHUNT, THERE COMES A STARTLING PHONE CALL!



THAT WAS WALTER HAMILTON... A MEMBER OF THE NAMESAKE CLUB! HE HAS A CLUE TO THE KILLER!

GOOD! WE'LL GO TO HIS HOME AT ONCE!



BUT AS THE BATMOBILE CLIMBS THE STEEP, TWISTING LANE TOWARD THE HILLSIDE COUNTRY HOME OF WALTER HAMILTON...

BATMAN, A CAR WITHOUT LIGHTS COMING AT US!

IT CAN'T MISS US IN THIS NARROW CURVE, AND WE CAN'T TURN! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE...

BATMAN'S FOOT FLOORBOARDS THE ACCELERATOR, AND THE MIGHTY BATMOBILE ROARS FORWARD AND UPWARD...

...IN A DIZZY RACING TURN THAT ALONE AVOIDS COLLISION!

MISSED US! BUT WHY WAS HE RUNNING WITHOUT LIGHTS?

I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S WRONG... BUT BY THE TIME WE COULD GET TURNED AROUND ON THIS HAIRPIN ROAD, HE'D BE MILES AWAY! WE'D BETTER HURRY ON TO HAMILTON'S HOUSE!

WE'RE TOO LATE, ROBIN HE'S DEAD!

AND HE WAS SHOT WITH A PISTOL...JUST LIKE HIS NAME-SAKE ALEXANDER HAMILTON!

HAMILTON WAS GOING TO SHOW US SOMETHING... BUT THE KILLER GOT TO HIM FIRST!

YES, BUT THIS IS HAMILTON'S WILL... AND THERE MAY BE A POSSIBLE CLUE IN IT!

LATER, AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS...

COMMISSIONER, I'VE GOT A HUNCH I WANT TO FOLLOW UP... BUT I'LL HAVE TO WORK FROM INSIDE THE NAMESAKE CLUB, WHILE YOU AND YOUR MEN HUNT DOWN HOOD! I'M GOING TO JOIN THE CLUB!



NEXT DAY, IN THE BAT-CAVE, THE BATMAN USES HIS MARVELOUS MAKE-UP SKILL TO ACQUIRE A NEW FACE!

BUT YOU COULD JOIN THE CLUB AS BRUCE WAYNE... "MAD" ANTHONY WAYNE, THE REVOLUTIONARY GENERAL, WAS YOUR NAMESAKE!

NO, FOR ANTHONY DIED A NATURAL DEATH, AND THAT WOULDN'T BAIT THE KILLER! ONLY MEMBERS WHOSE NAMESAKES DIED A VIOLENT DEATH ARE IN DANGER. I'LL ASSUME THE NAME "EARL WARWICK", AFTER THE EARL OF WARWICK, WHO WAS KILLED BY A SWORD!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THIS MAN, HOOD, MAKES HIS VICTIMS DIE JUST LIKE THEIR NAMESAKES!

HOOD HASN'T BEEN PROVED GUILTY YET, BUT IF HE IS... WELL, THIS MAY BE HIS TWISTED IDEA OF REVENGE BECAUSE HE WAS REFUSED MEMBERSHIP!

AFTER BATMAN HAS COMPLETED HIS DISGUISE AS "EARL OF WARWICK"...

I'VE FITTED UP APPROPRIATE ROOMS FOR MYSELF IN A HOTEL AS "EARL WARWICK"! YOU COVER THE NAMESAKE CLUB FROM OUTSIDE, DURING TONIGHT'S MEETING!

I WILL! AND BATMAN... BE CAREFUL! THIS IS AN INSANE KILLER!

SOON, "EARL WARWICK" HAS A VISITOR IN HIS ROOMS!

I CAN SEE YOU'RE TRULY DEVOTED TO YOUR NAME-SAKE, MR. WARWICK.. AND I'M GLAD YOU PHONED ME ABOUT JOINING THE CLUB! I'LL RECOMMEND YOUR ACCEPTANCE!

THEN I'LL BE AT THE MEETING TONIGHT, MR. CASABIANCA!

AND THAT NIGHT, A NEW MEMBER IS ADMITTED TO THE ILL-STARRED NAMESAKE CLUB!

AYE!

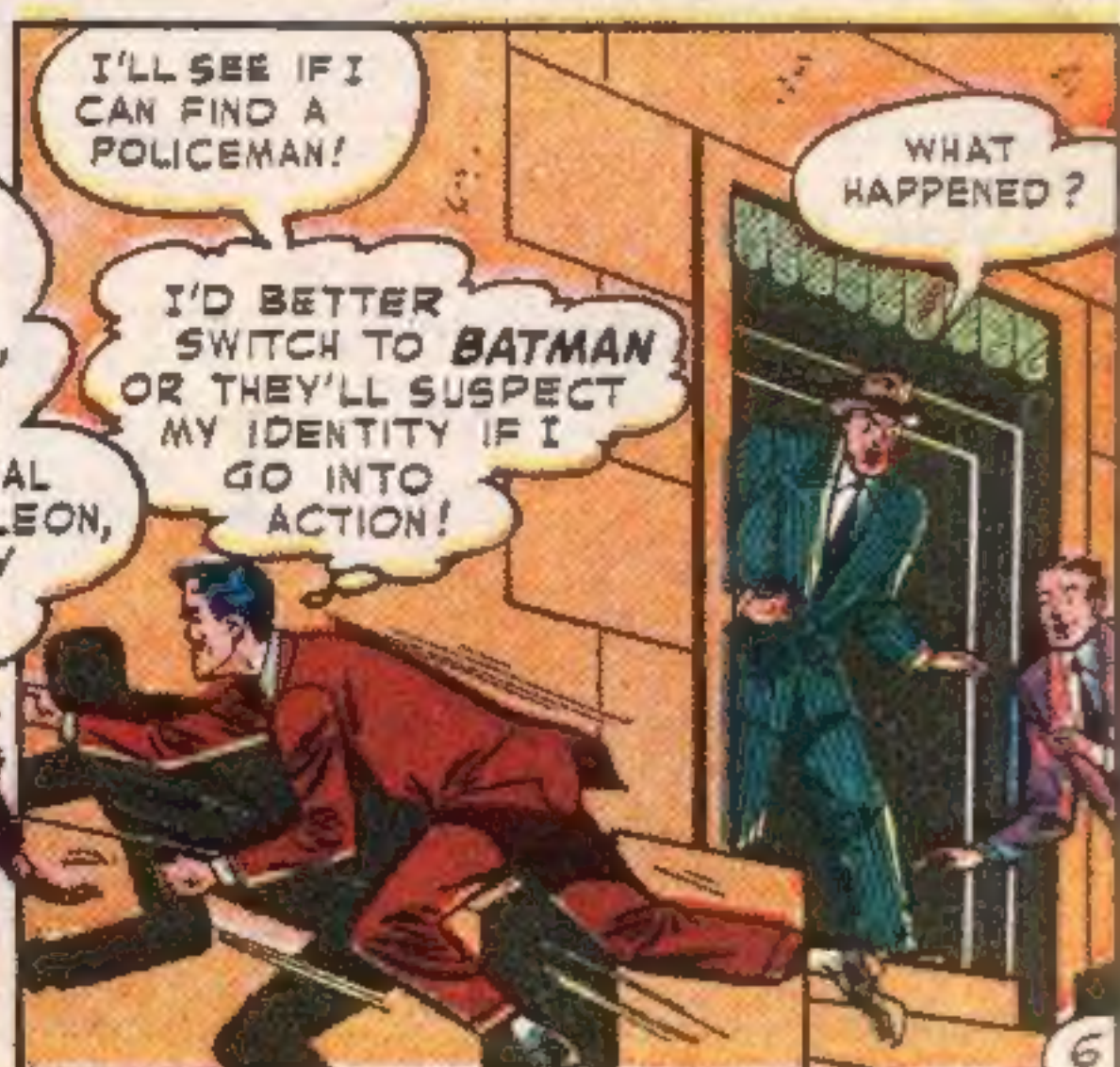
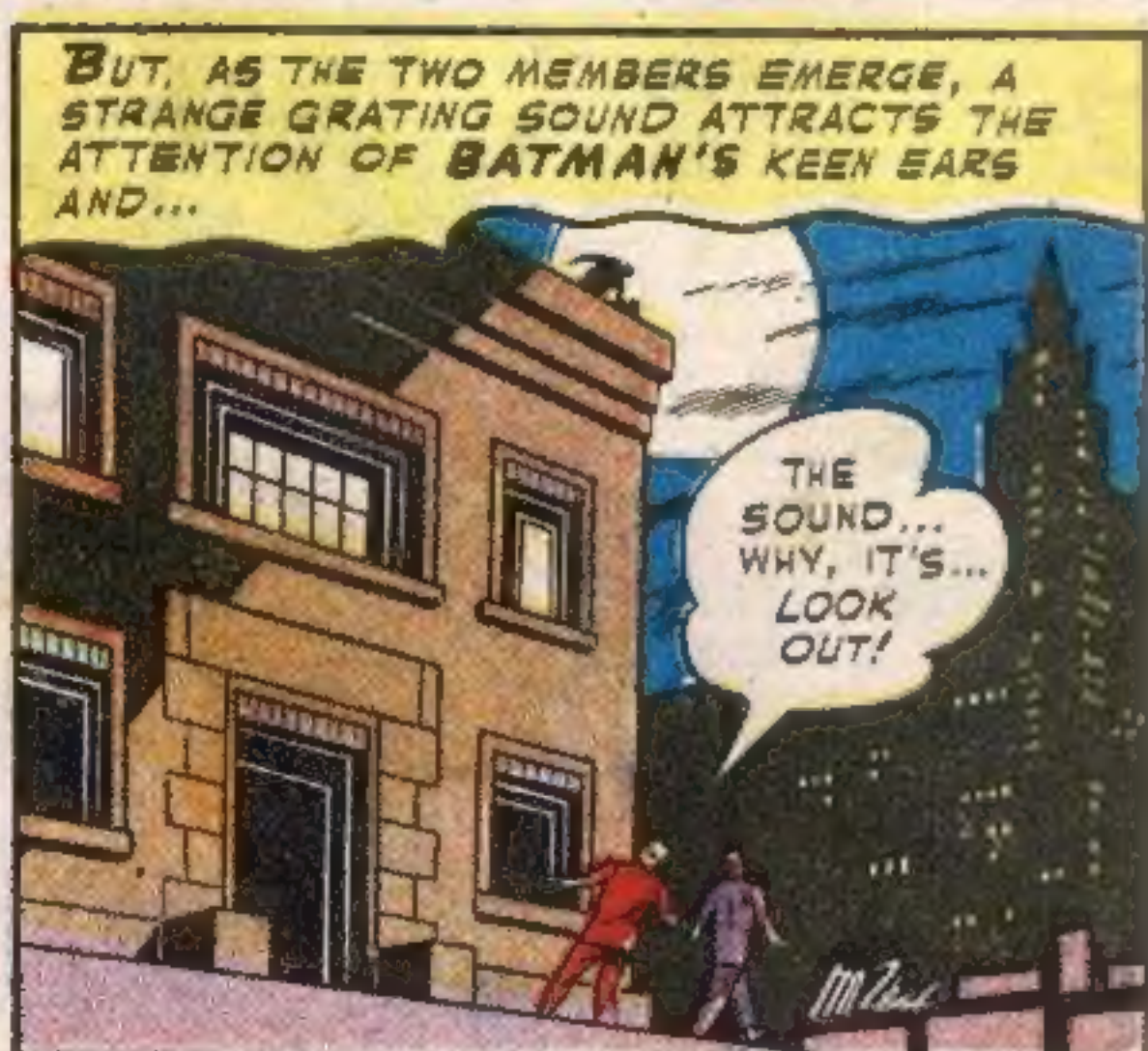
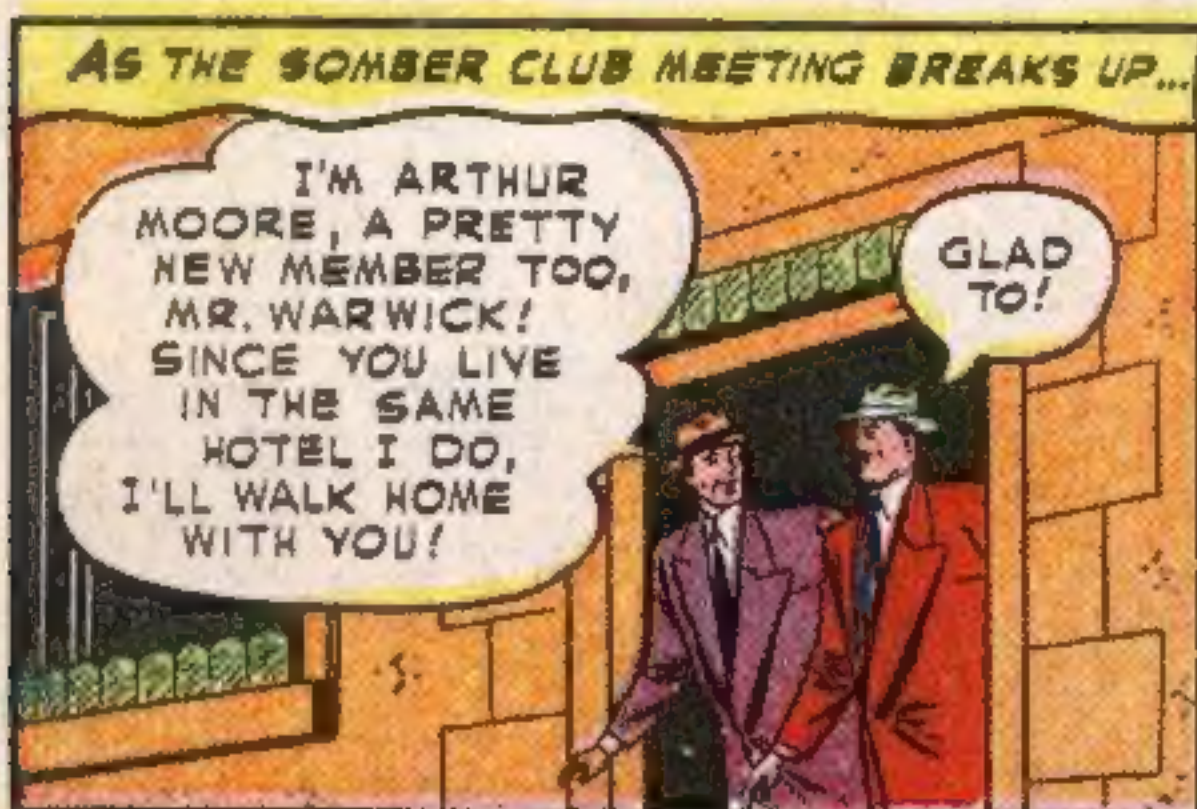
YOU'RE ACCEPTED UNANIMOUSLY, MR. WARWICK... WELCOME TO THE NAMESAKE CLUB!

THIS IS A GREAT THRILL!

TRAGICALLY, TWO OF OUR MEMBERS HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY A MANIAC... BUT THE POLICE WILL SOON CAPTURE HIM, SO THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM!

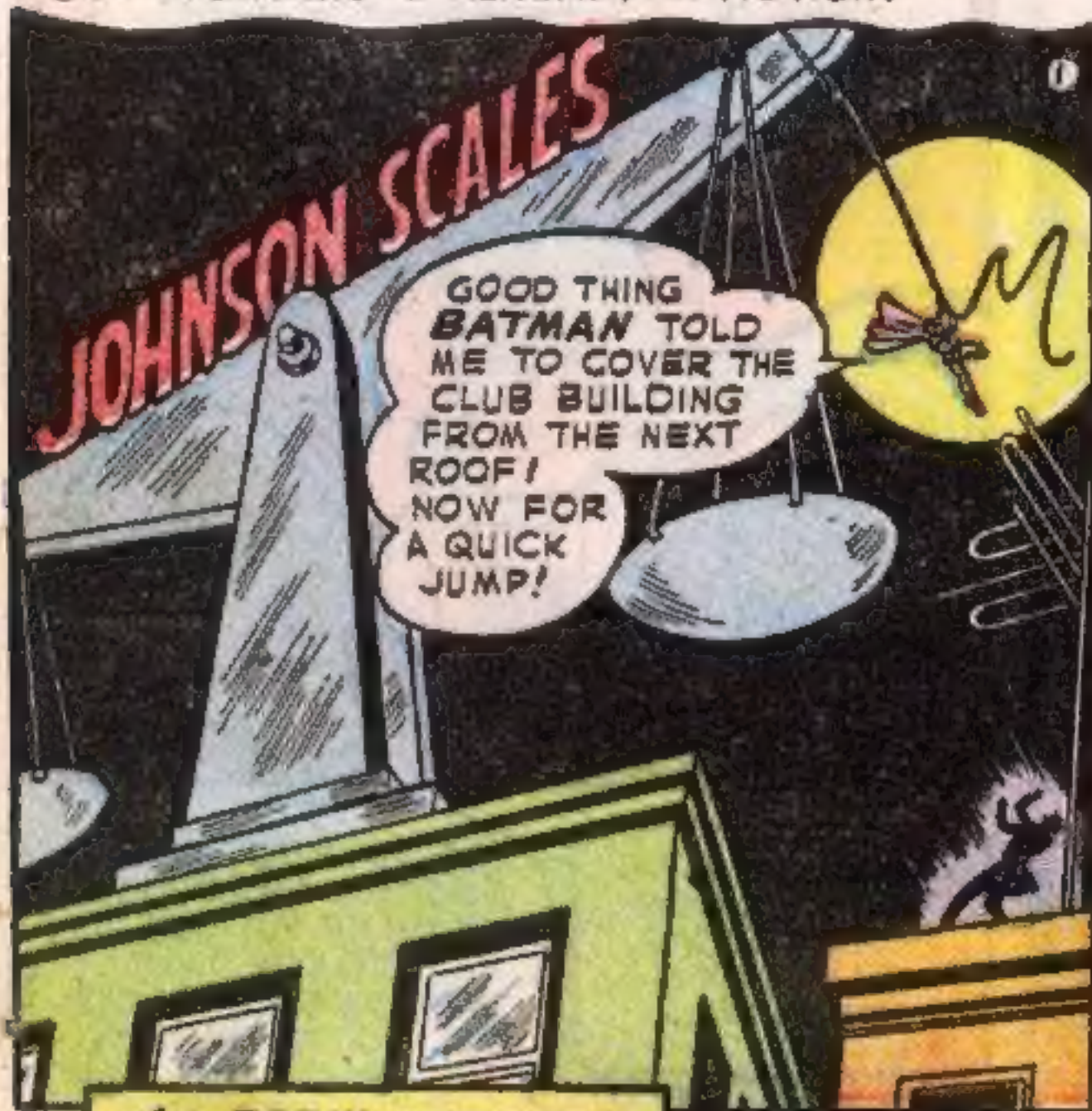
NOW TO TEST THAT POSSIBLE CLUE I GOT FROM HAMILTON'S WILL!







BUT AS "EARL WARWICK" SWIFTLY BECOMES BATMAN IN THE ALLEY'S CONCEALMENT, THE BOY WONDER IS ALREADY IN ACTION!



GOOD THING BATMAN TOLD ME TO COVER THE CLUB BUILDING FROM THE NEXT ROOF! NOW FOR A QUICK JUMP!

AS ROBIN RECEIVES A STUNNING BLOW, INSTINCT ACTS AS HIS STRENGTH FAILS!



THE LOOP... MY ONLY CHANCE... I'M LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS...

INEXORABLY, THE SCALES OF FATE SHIFT THEIR BALANCE...

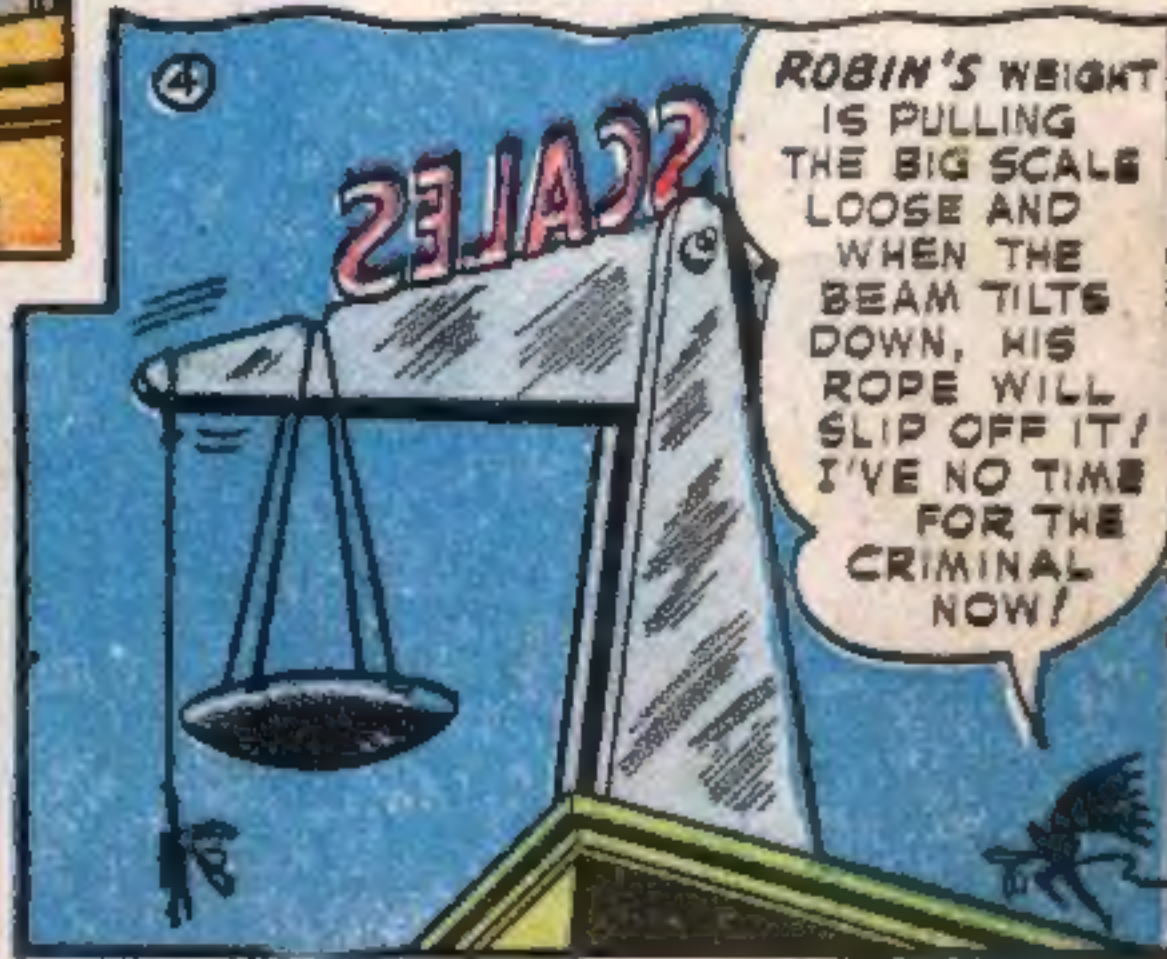


IF THE ARC OF MY SWING IS RIGHT...

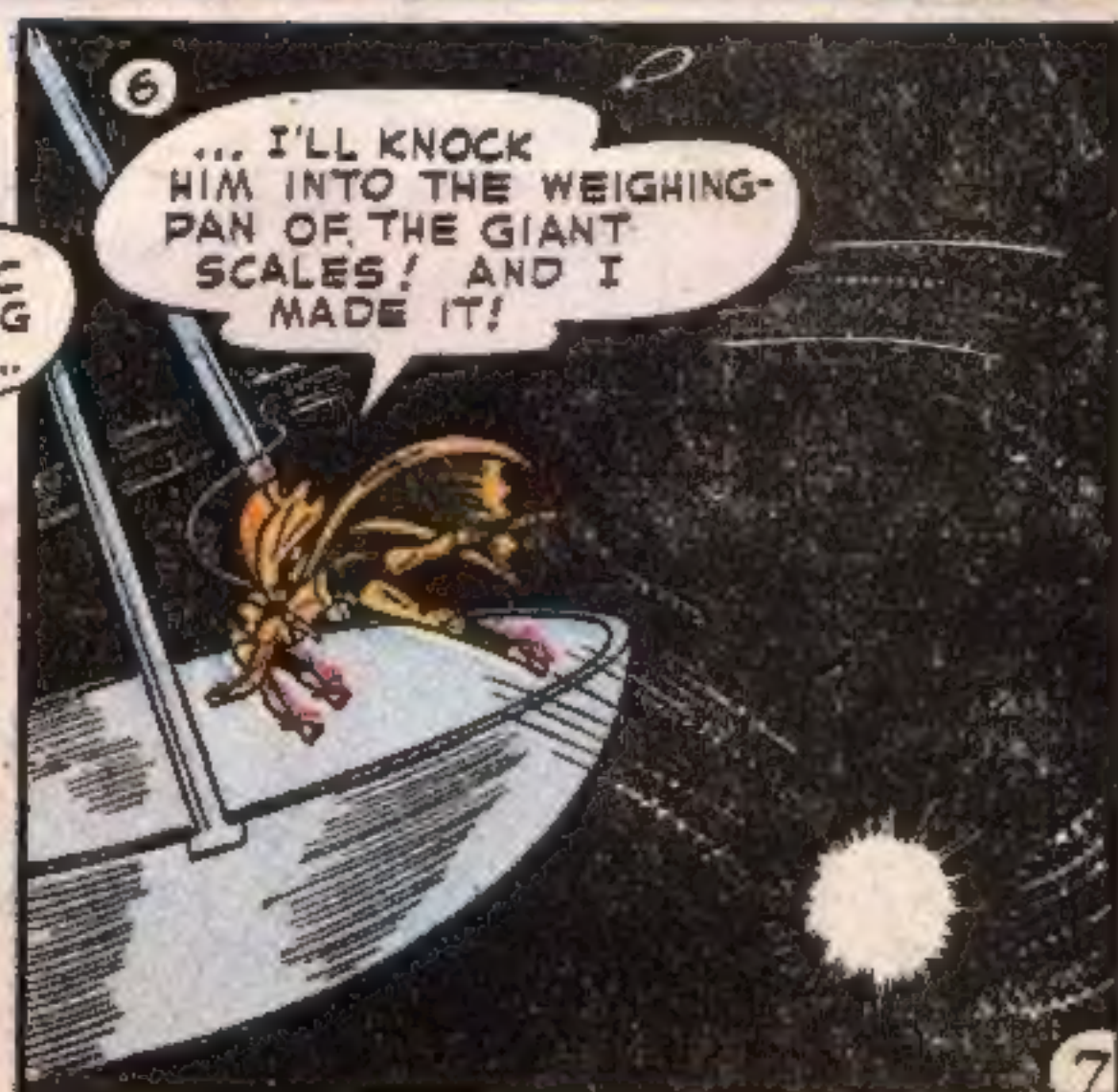


OH-OH... THAT ANTENNA POLE! CAN'T STOP!...

GAINING THE ROOF, BATMAN SPIES A TERRIBLE SIGHT!



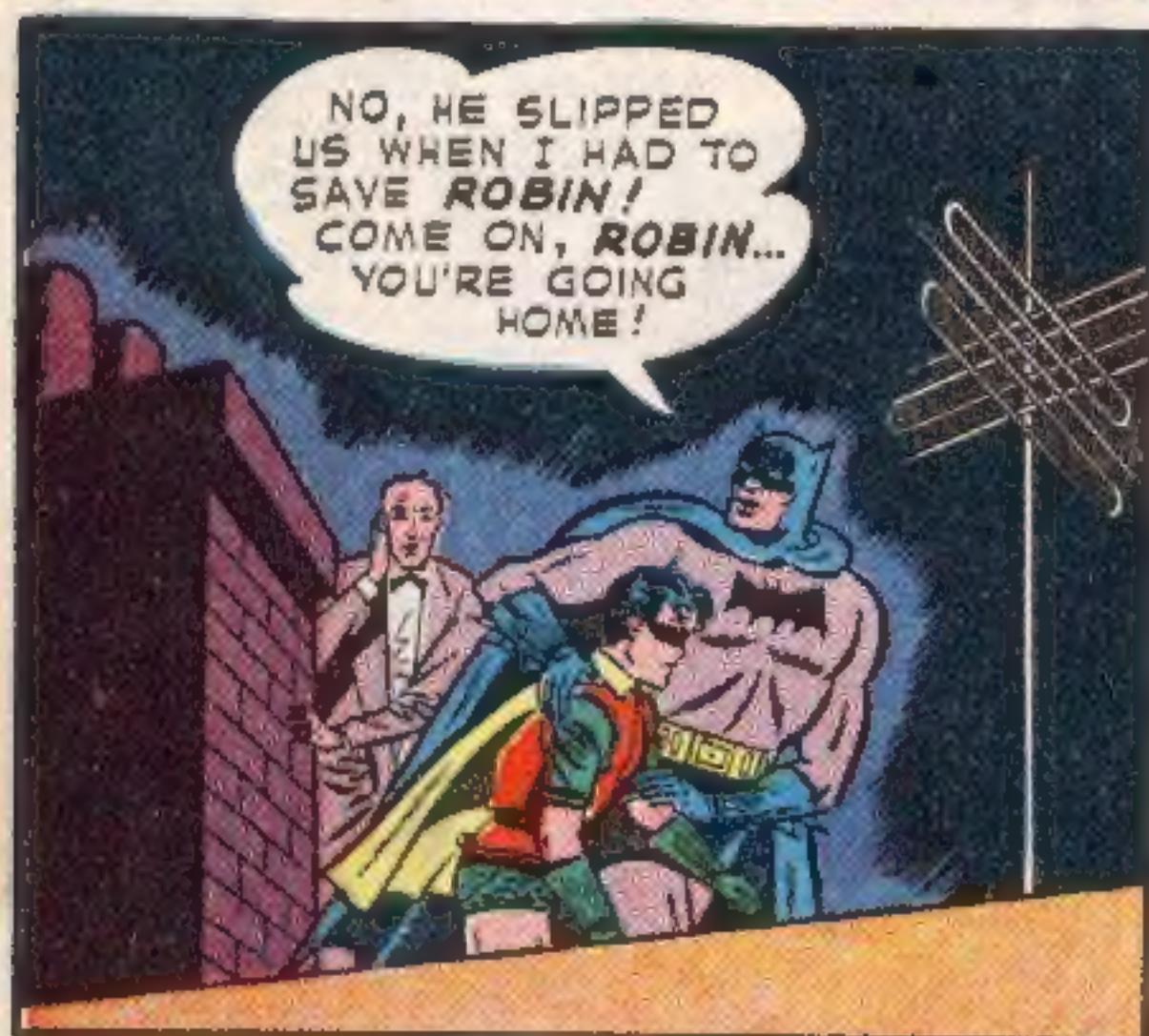
ROBIN'S WEIGHT IS PULLING THE BIG SCALE LOOSE AND WHEN THE BEAM TILTS DOWN, HIS ROPE WILL SLIP OFF IT! I'VE NO TIME FOR THE CRIMINAL NOW!



... I'LL KNOCK HIM INTO THE WEIGHING-PAN OF THE GIANT SCALES! AND I MADE IT!



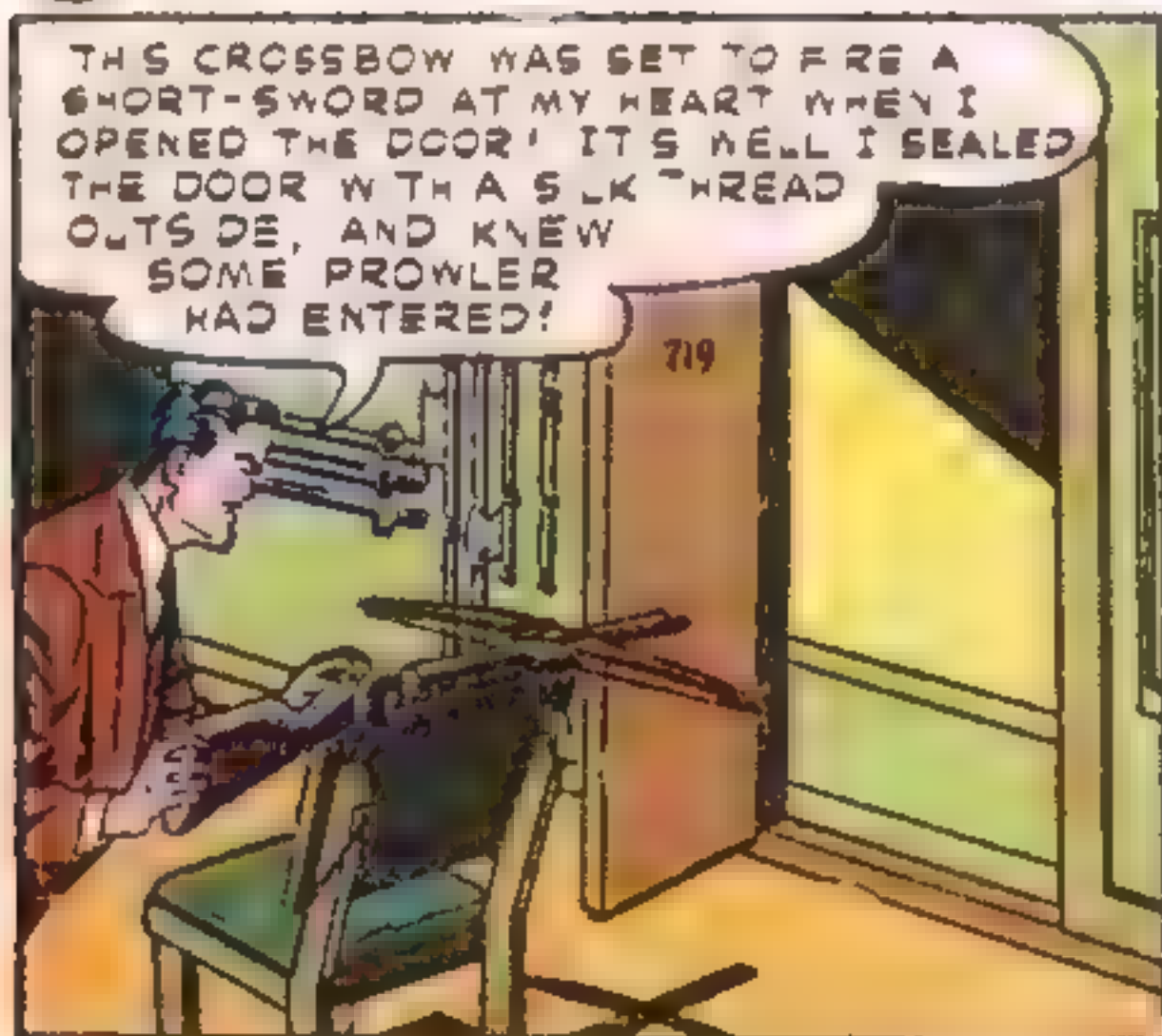
MOMENTS LATER, AFTER GETTING THE STILL-GROGGY ROBIN TO THE CLUB'S BUILDING ROOF...



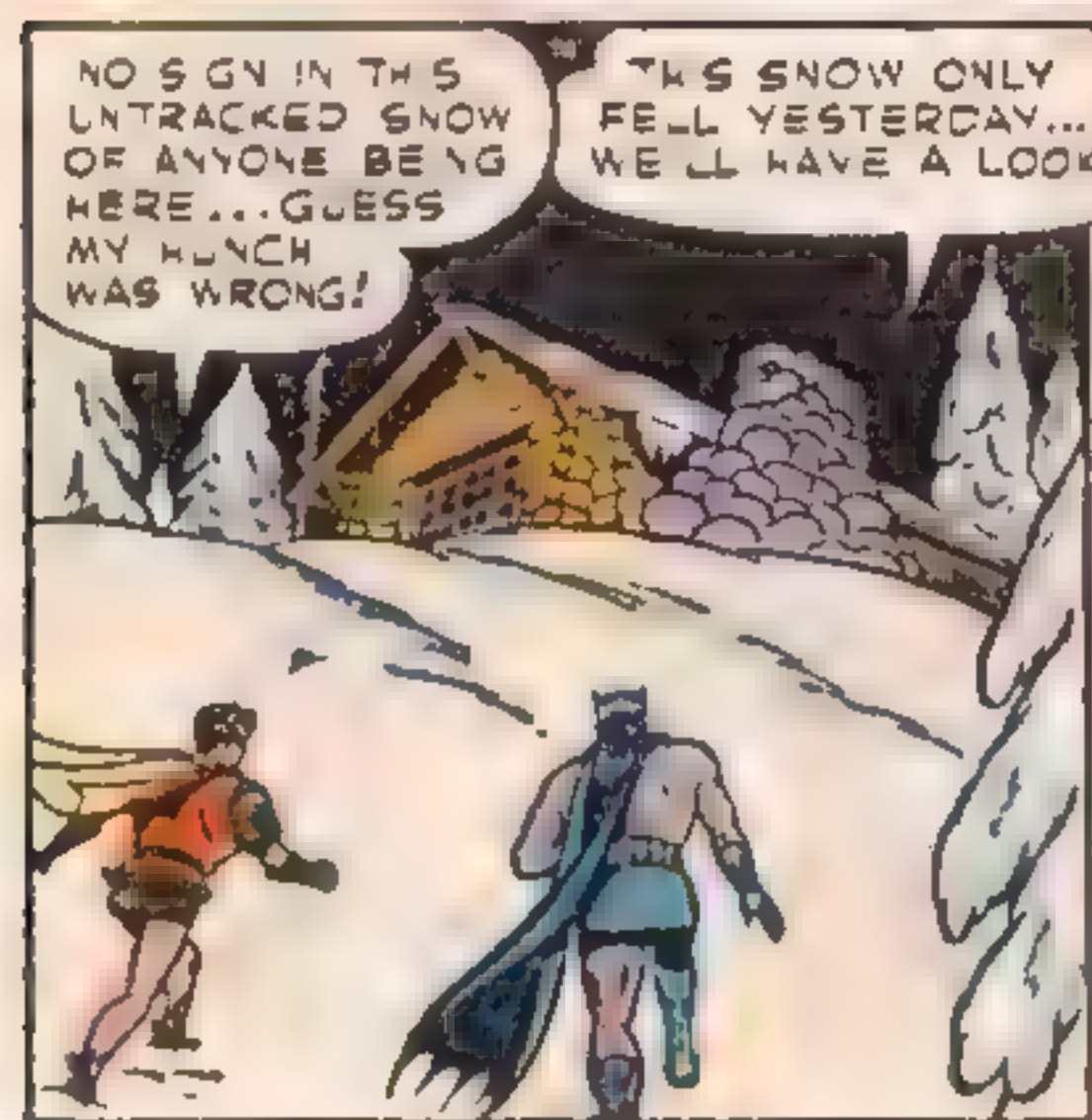
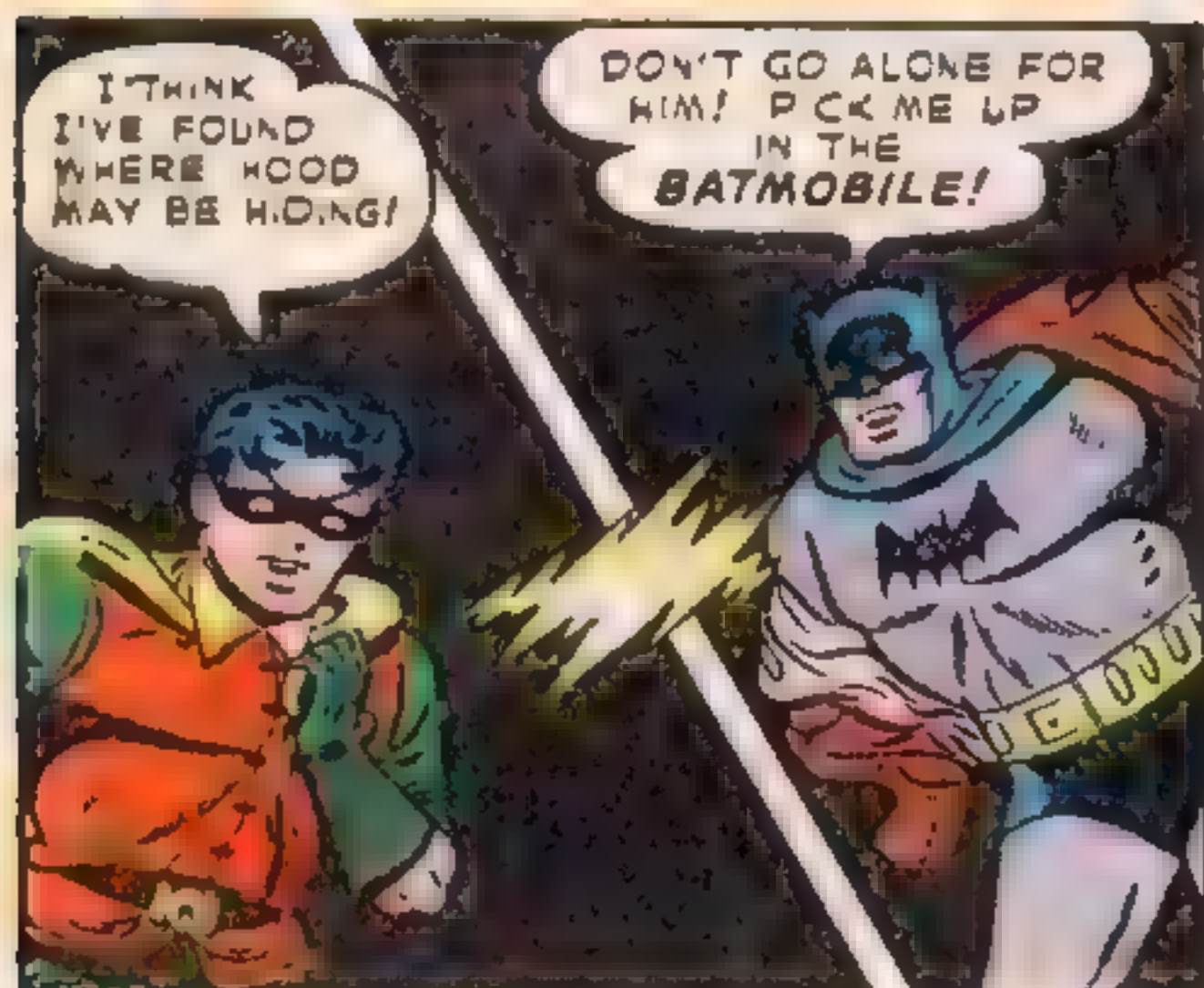
AT THE DOOR TO "EARL WARWICK'S" ROOMS, A SUDDEN TENSE PAUSE!



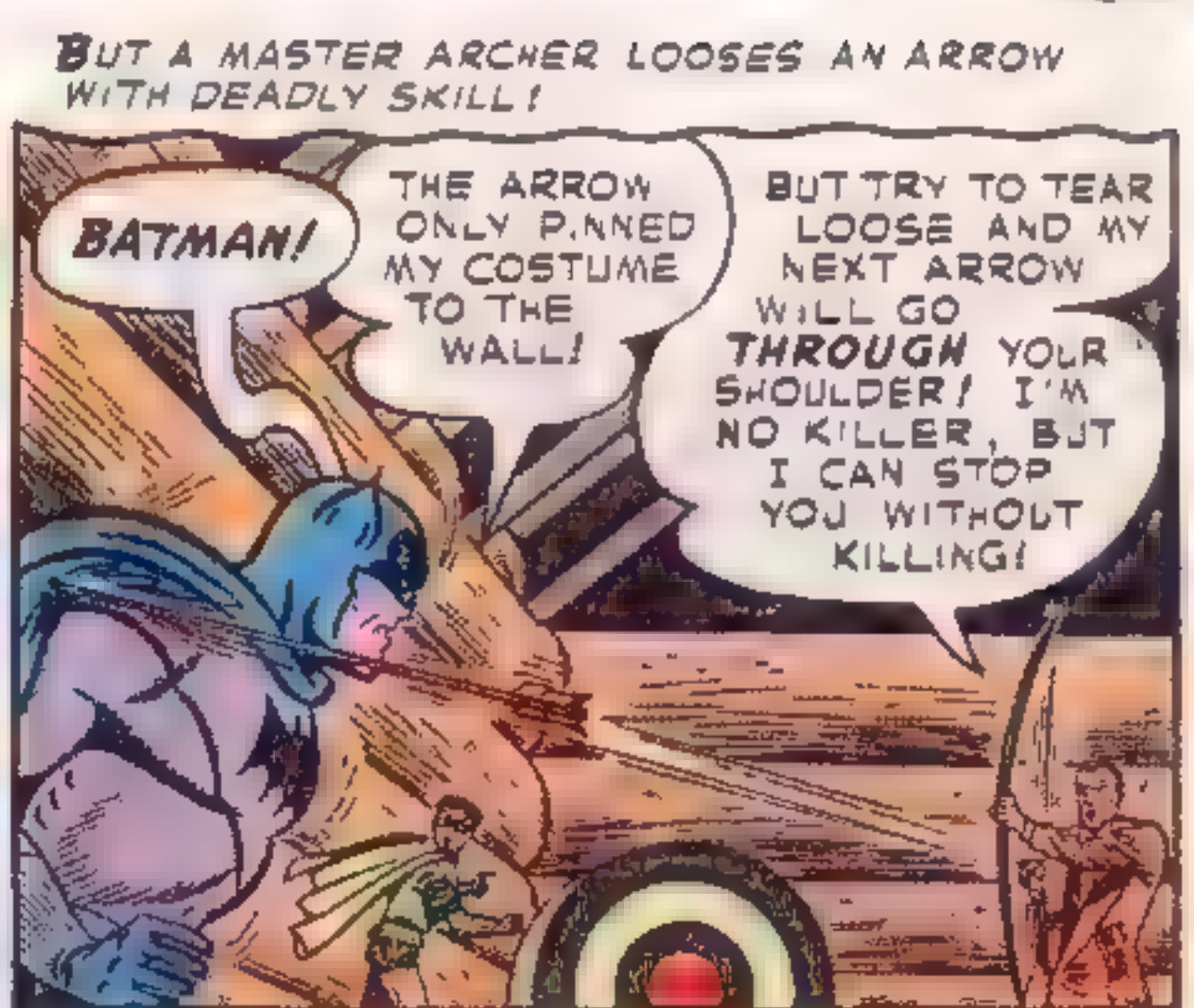
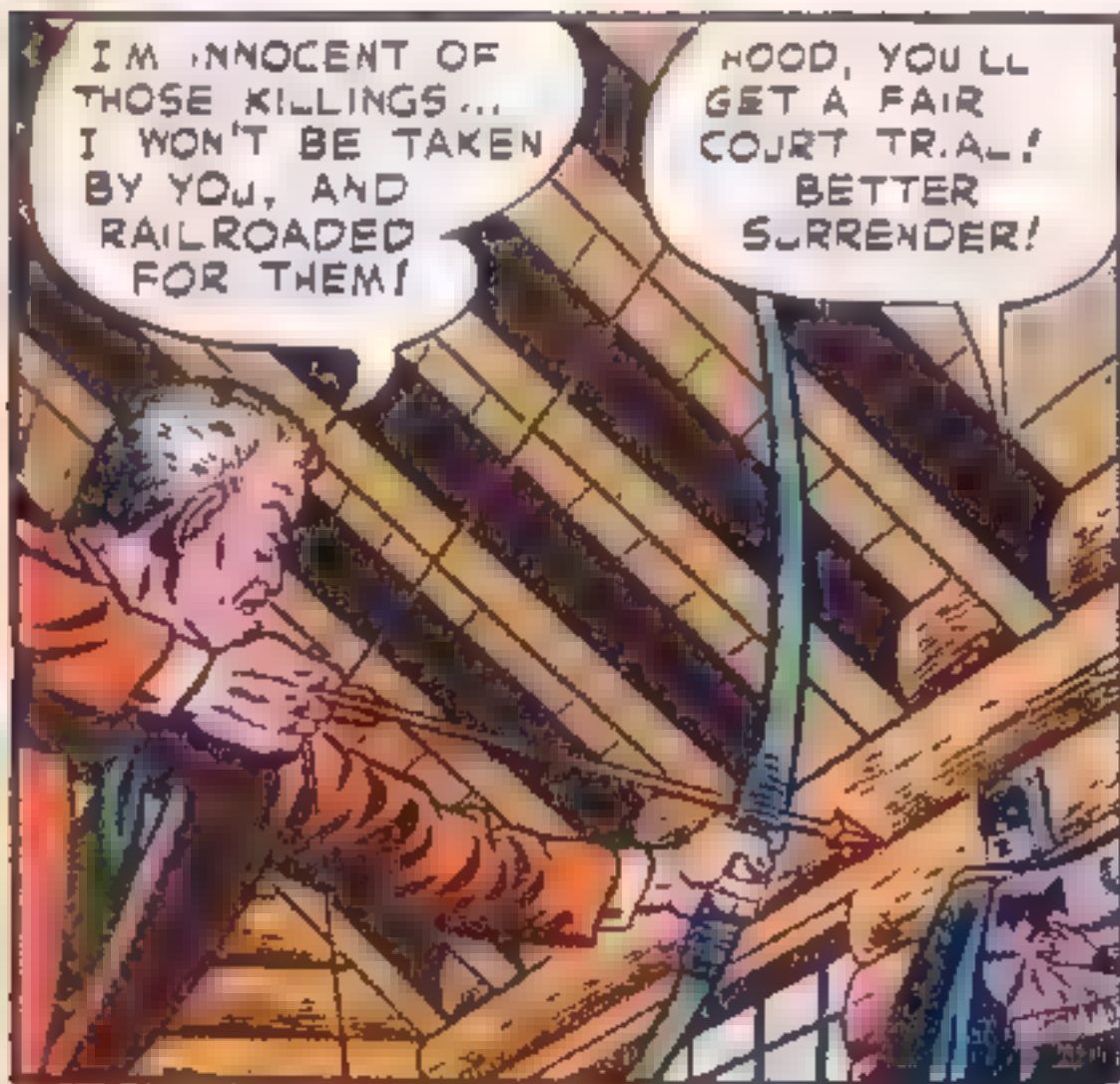




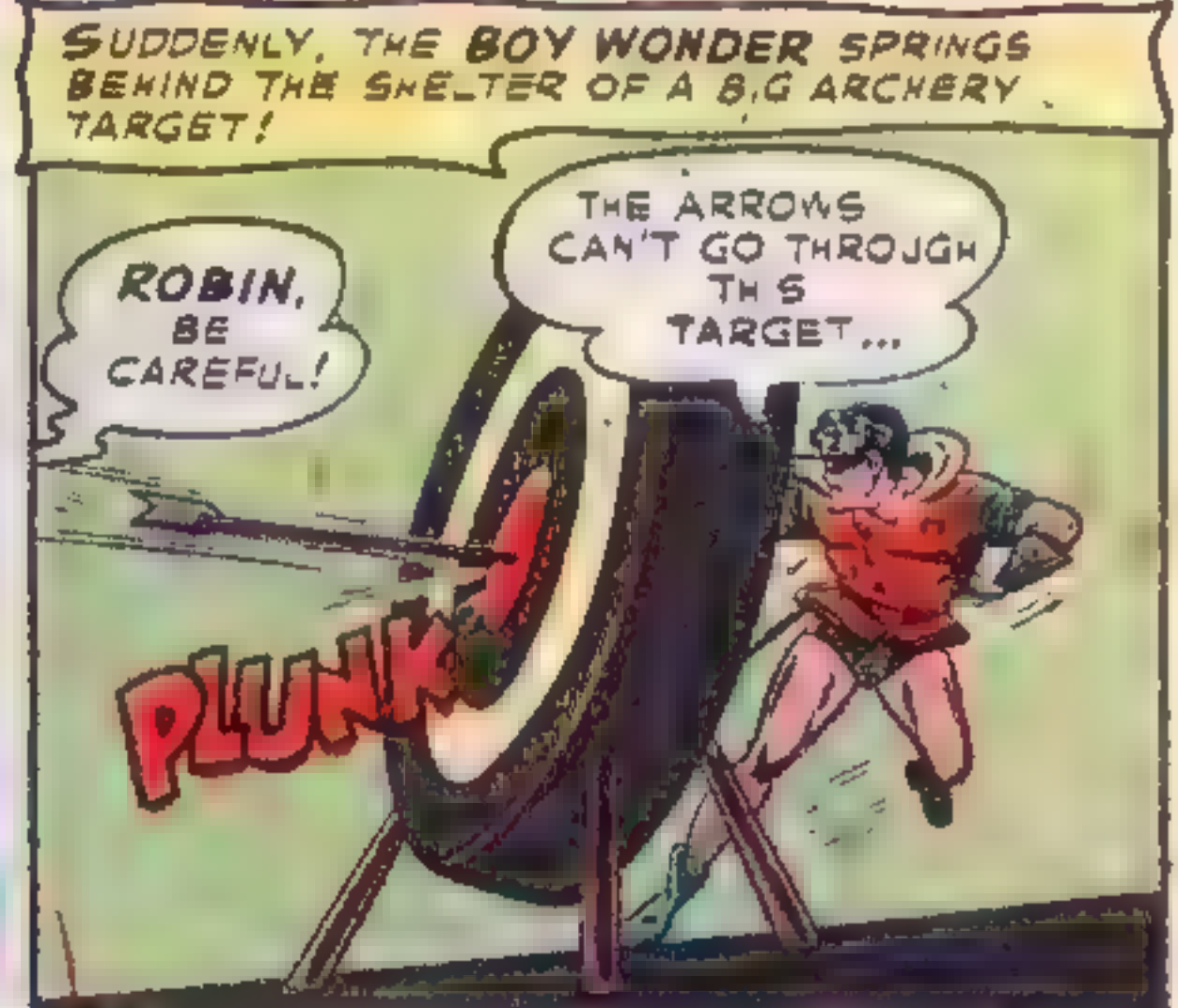
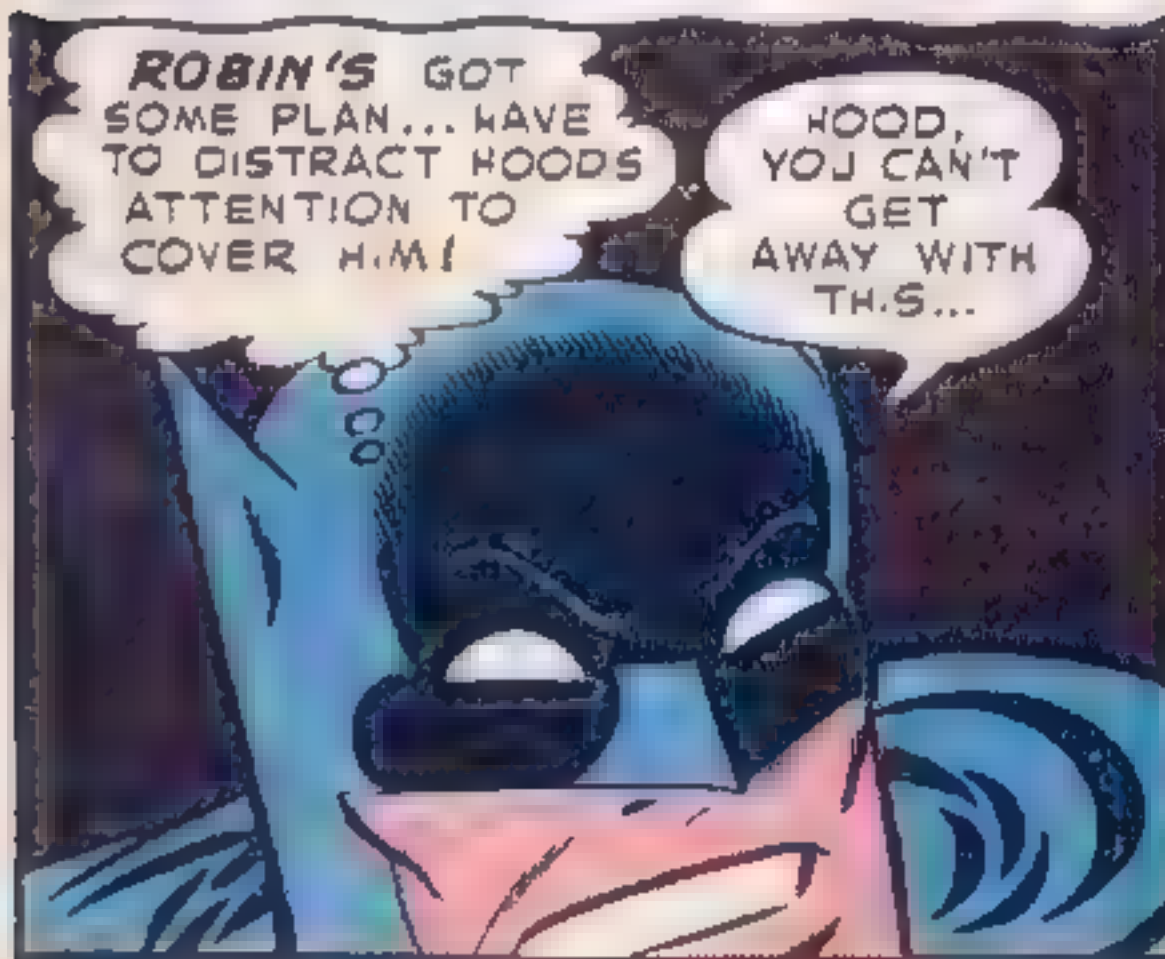
SUDDENLY, FROM THE UTILITY BELT BENEATH HIS DISGUISE, BATMAN DETECTS AN ALMOST INAUDIBLE BZZZ!



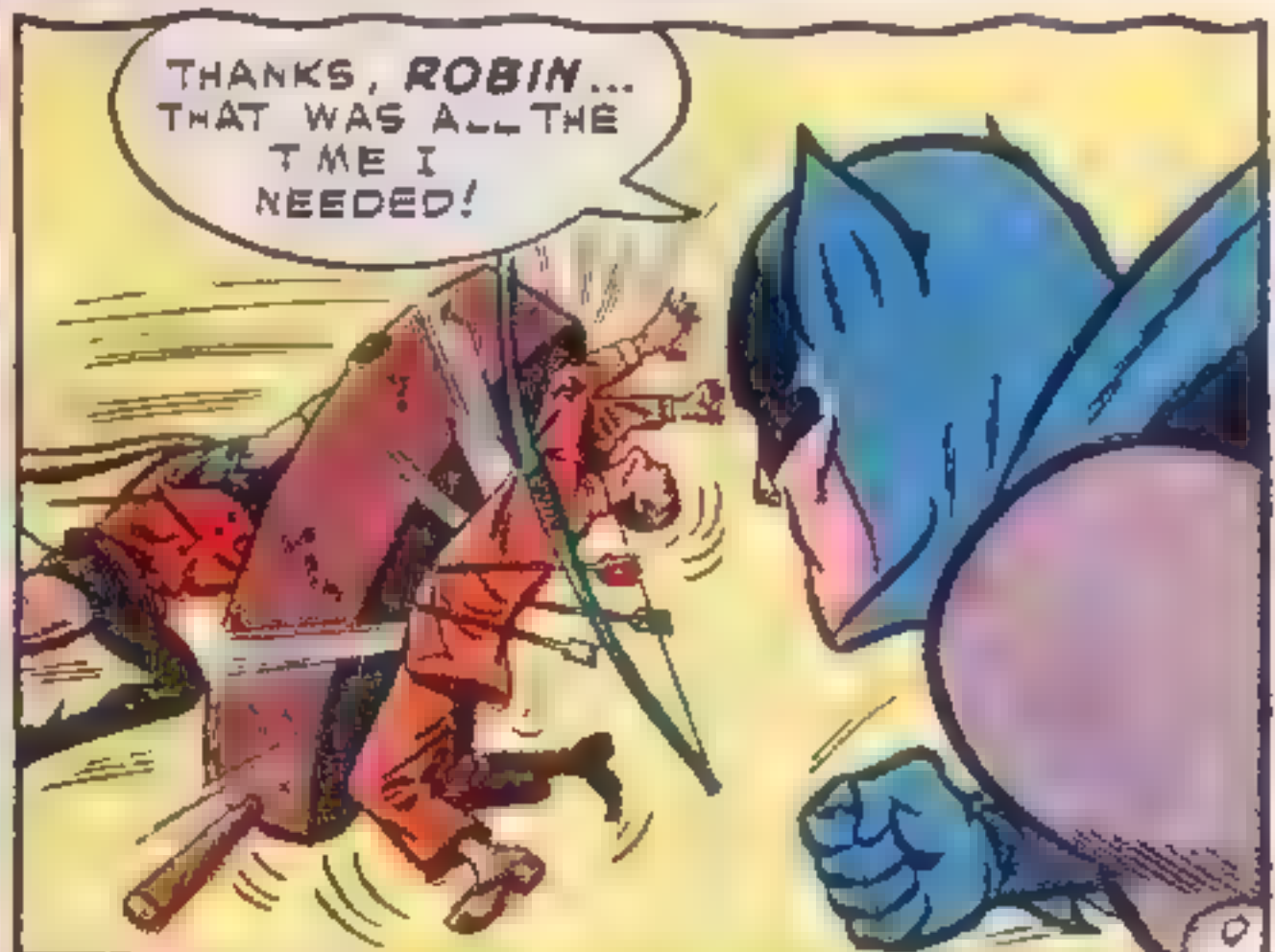




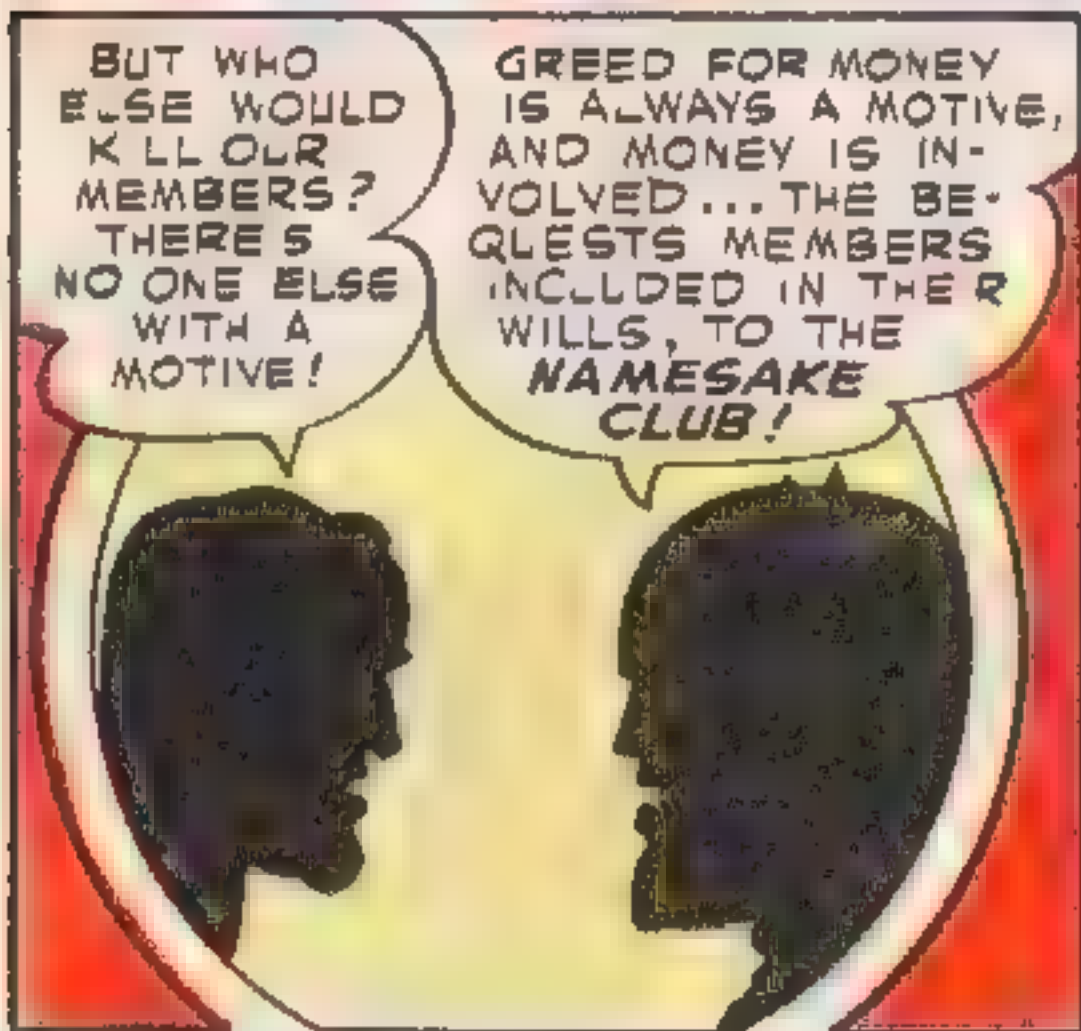
TENSELY, IN THE SILENCE, BATMAN SEEKS A WAY OUT OF THE IMPASSE!



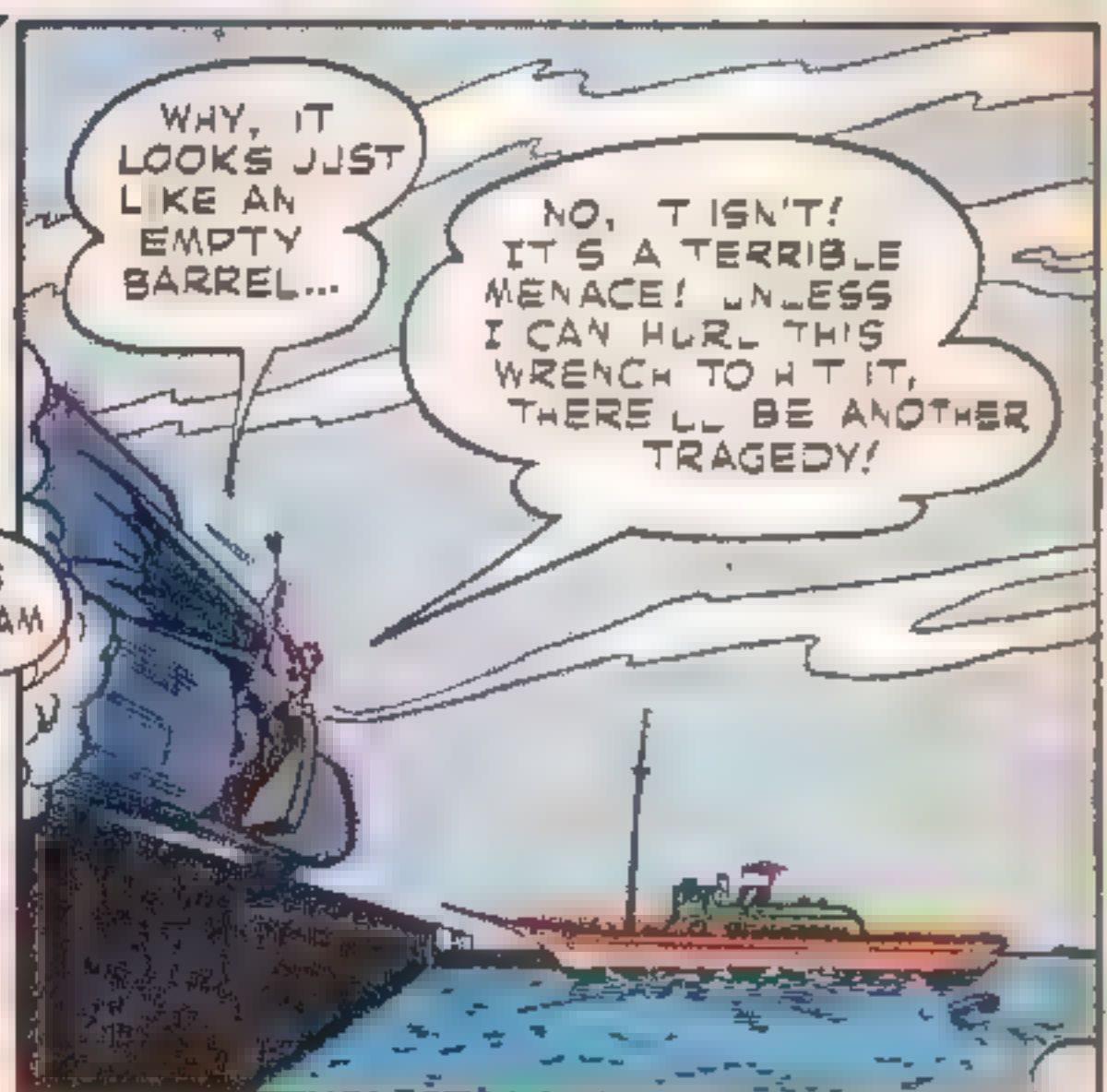
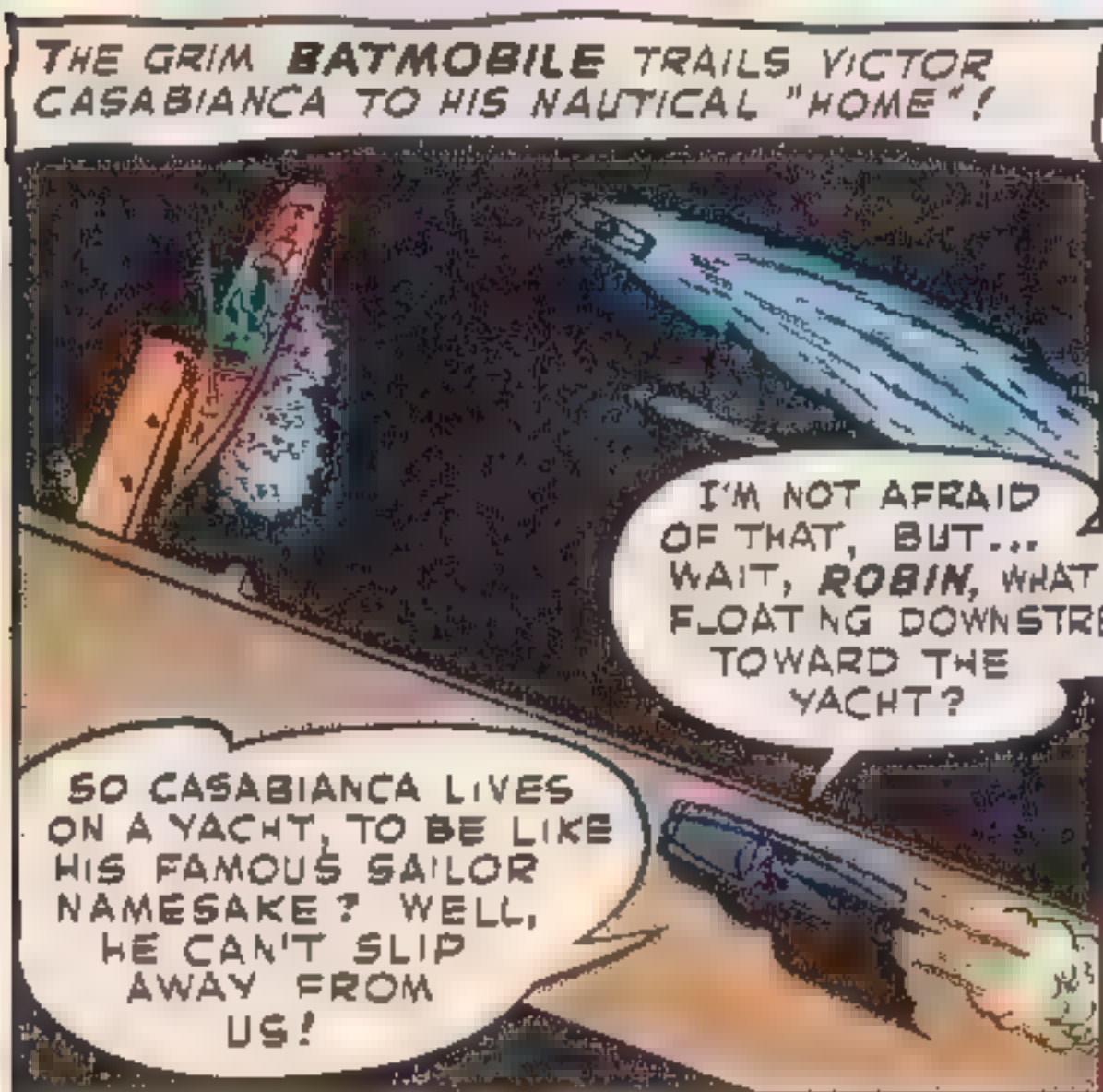
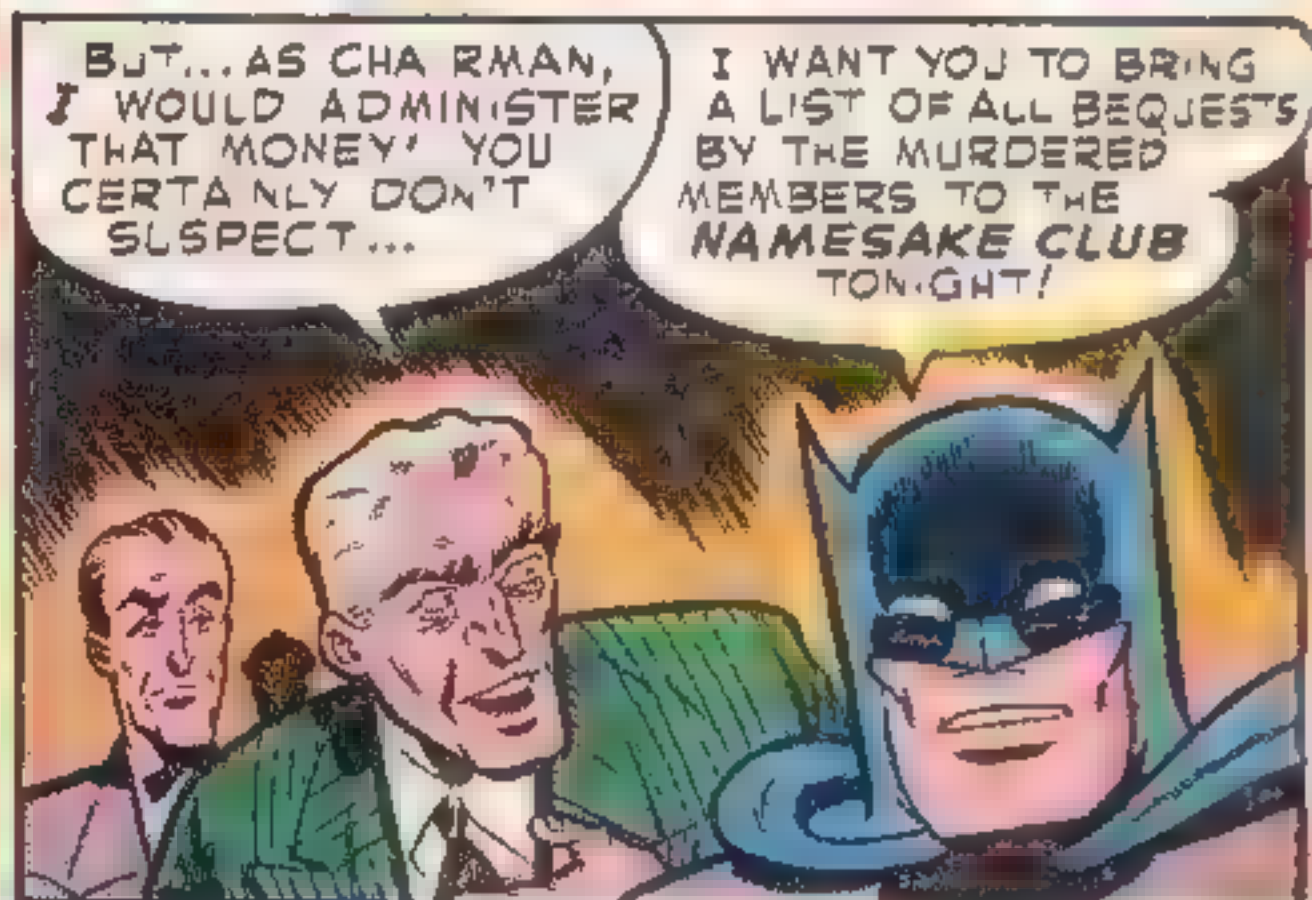
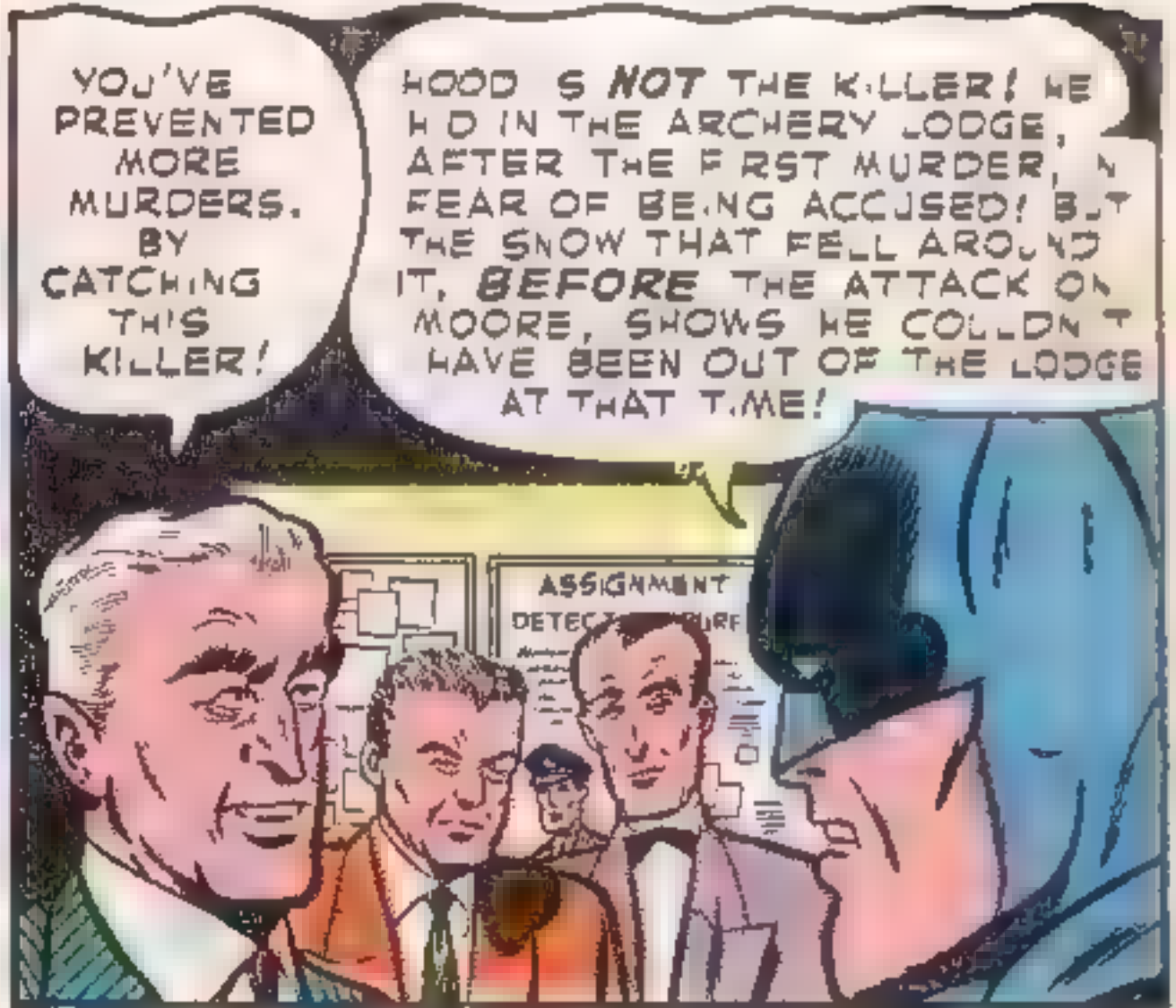
THE BRIEF DIVERSION IS ENOUGH FOR THE BATMAN TO TEAR LOOSE!







SOON, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...





AS THE BATMAN HURLS THE HEAVY WRENCH WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH AND SKILL, IT STRIKES ITS GOAL AND...

IT WAS A FLOATING MINE, AND WOULD HAVE BLOWN UP CASABIANCA AND HIS YACHT!

YES, AND IT WAS RELEASED FROM THAT SPEED-BOAT THAT PASSED! BUT WE CAN STILL CATCH HIM AT THE HIGHWAY BRIDGE!

IT'S COOK, THE VICE-CHAIRMAN! THEN HE...

EVEN THE FASTEST OF SPEEDBOATS CAN'T OUTDISTANCE THE MIGHTY BATMOBILE! MOMENTS LATER...

YES, HE'S OUR MAN!

AFTER THE STUNNED KILLER HAS BEEN TAKEN ASHORE AND SEARCHED...

LISTEN TO THIS NOTE I FOUND ON HIM. "I CANNOT ESCAPE MY GUILT SO I SHALL PERISH LIKE MY GREAT NAMESAKE BY BLOWING MYSELF UP." IT'S SIGNED, VICTOR CASABIANCA!

YES, A FORGED NOTE THAT WOULD MAKE CASABIANCA SEEM A GUILTY SUICIDE! WITH HIM DEAD, COOK WOULD INHERIT HIS POSITION AND WOULD ADMINISTER THOSE BEQUESTS!

COOK GOT THE IDEA WHEN HOOD MADE THOSE ANGRY THREATS... HE THOUGHT HE COULD MAKE HOOD THE FALL GUY FOR HIS PLAN!

BUT THE KILLER STUNNED COOK, ON THE ROOF!

NO, HE FAKED THAT ATTACK TO FRAME HOOD! WHEN HOOD PROVED INNOCENT, I KNEW IT WASN'T CASABIANCA, FOR HE WAS DOWN AT THE STREET ENTRANCE WHEN THAT HAPPENED!

YOU GOT HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS, BATMAN!

WEEKS LATER...

IRONICAL, INDEED! HIS NAMESAKE, CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, DIED FROM A SAVAGE'S CLUB... AND THIS COOK DIED, TOO, BECAUSE OF A "CLUB"... THE NAMESAKE CLUB HE SOUGHT TO DEFRAUD!

Gotham Gazette  
**COOK PAYS PENALTY FOR CRIMES!**



I grew up on Wheaties and believe me—

**New Wheaties  
are better than  
ever!"**



**BOB FELLER**

all-time strikeout king

**NEW WHEATIES ARE** *Super Flaked!*

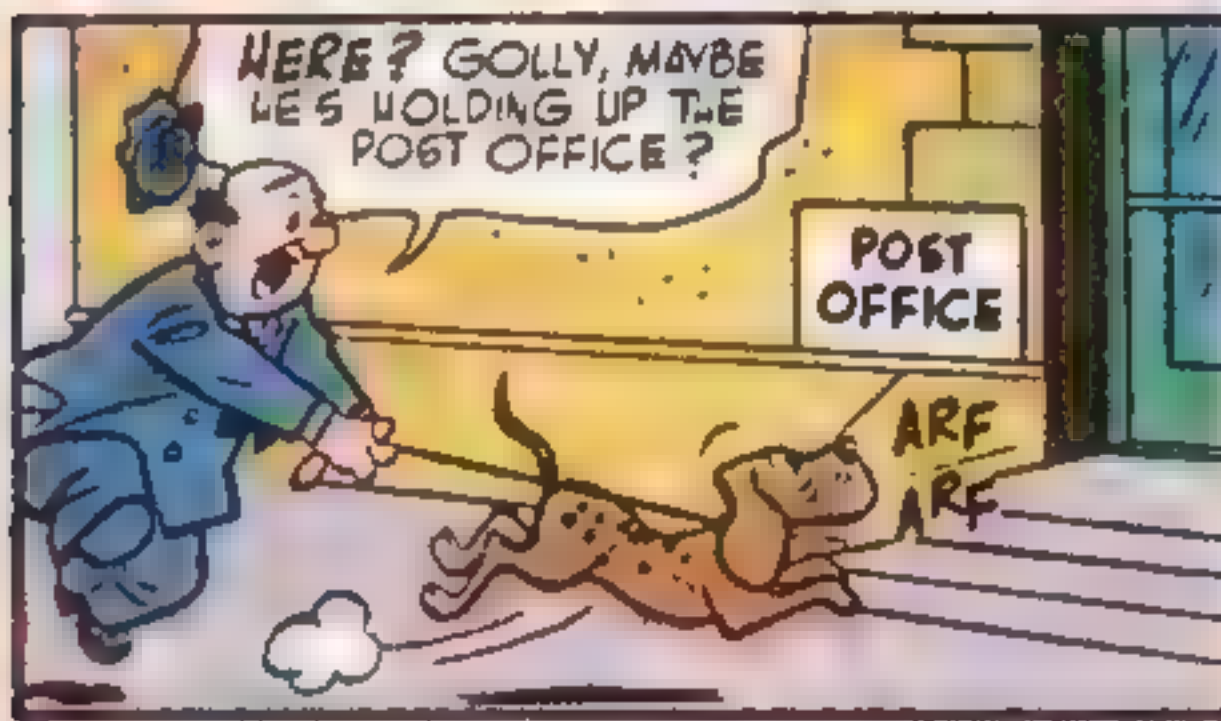
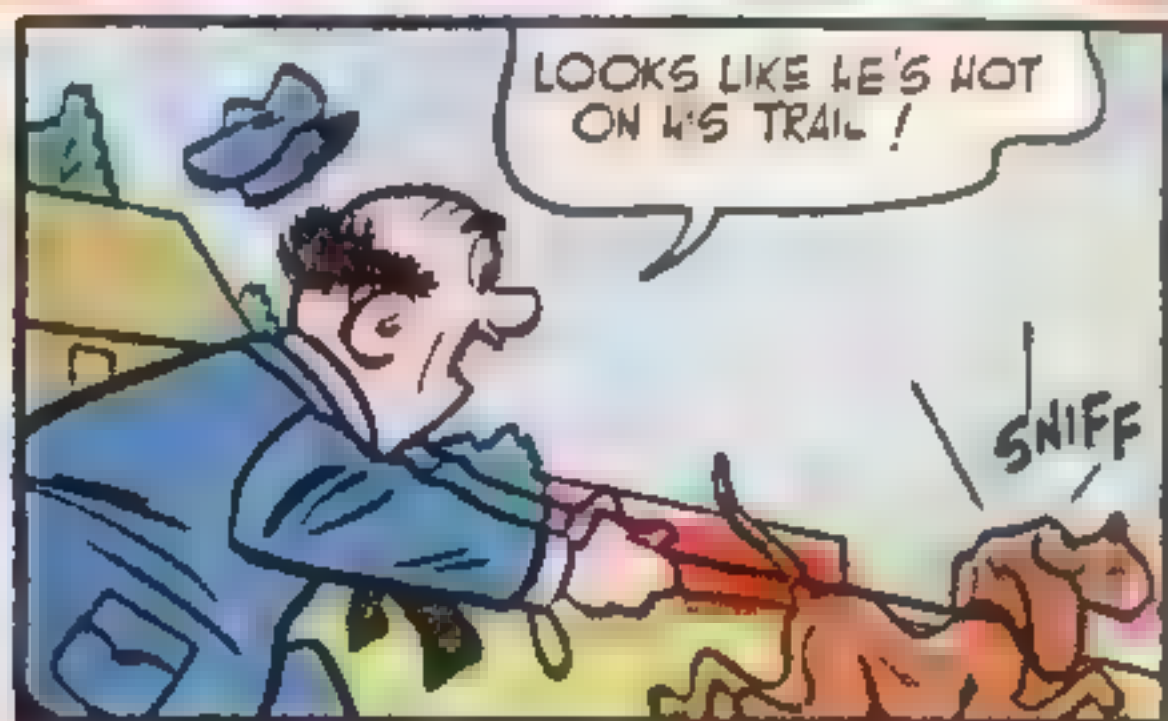
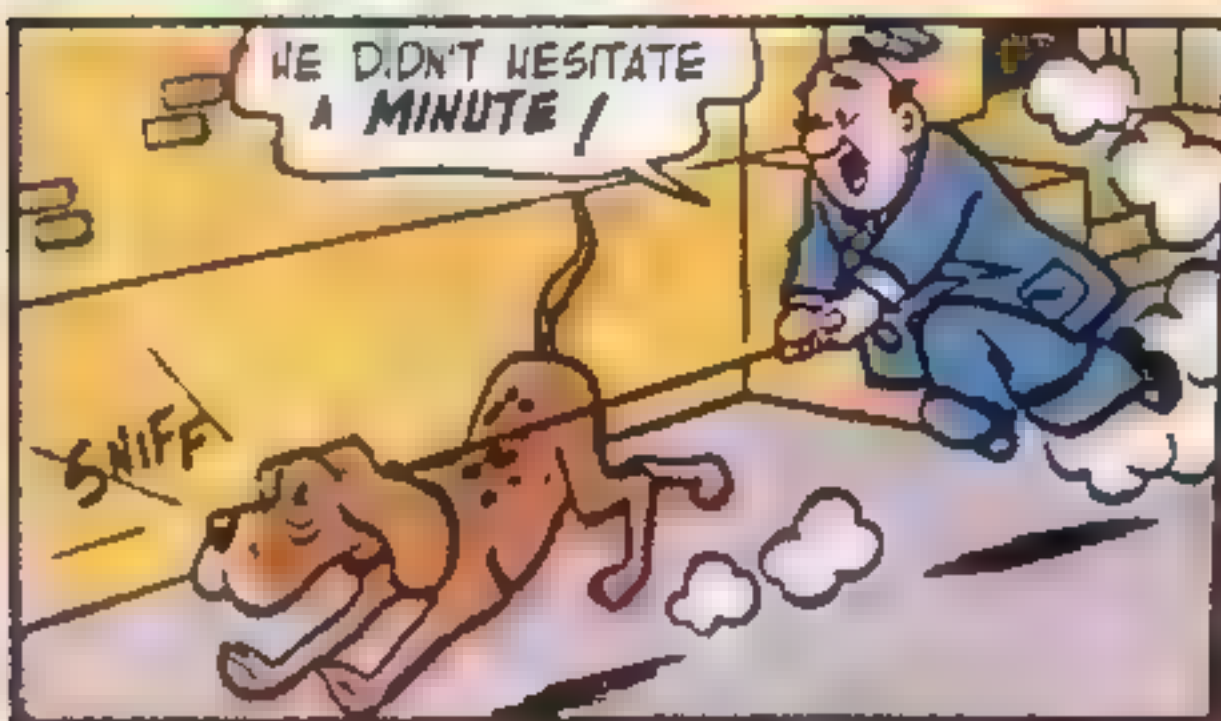
See the difference—*taste* the difference in new Wheaties! Flakes are bigger, with a lighter, brighter golden color. And you can't get a *crisper* whole wheat flake than new Wheaties. All that famous Wheaties energy, too—because *there's a whole kernel of wheat in every Wheaties flake!*



**What Sparks  
a Champion  
Sparks You!**

**AND CHAMPIONS  
CHOOSE WHEATIES!**





ADVERTISEMENT

**RIDDLE ME THIS**

by Necco

**W**HAT IS ROUND ON BOTH ENDS AND HIGH IN THE MIDDLE?

GIVE UP? SEE BELOW\*



ANSWER: OHIO

**W**HAT CANDY IS ROUND IN SHAPE AND HIGH IN PLEASURE? THAT'S **Necco** WAFERS. THE ORIGINAL SUGAR WAFER CANDY!



DOZENS 'N DOZENS IN EVERY ROLL!



# IMPOSSIBLE-BUT TRUE

IS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THE BELIEF THAT HUMAN BEINGS, LIKE VEGETABLES, CAN BE PRESERVED INDEFINITELY IN A DEEP-FROZEN STATE? AND LIVE TO TELL THE TALE? SO FAR, NO SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO PROVE OR DISPROVE THIS THEORY! BUT THAT IS WHY, NOT ONLY ROY RAYMOND, PRODUCER OF TV'S TOP SHOW, "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE", BUT RENOWNED SCIENTISTS THE WORLD OVER, COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES WHEN THEY DISCOVERED...

## "The MAN IN THE ICEBERG!"

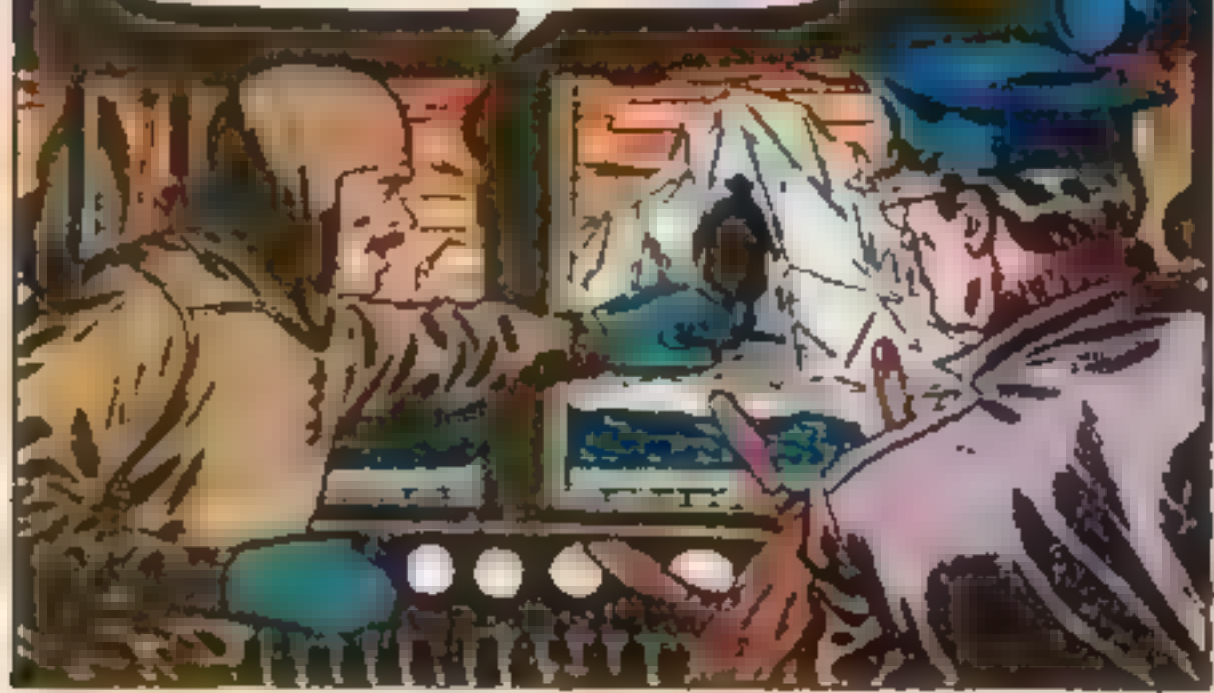
THIS IS EXACTLY HOW WE FOUND HIM IN THE ICEBERG, MR. RAYMOND... AND WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HE MAY BE CENTURIES OLD!

WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF HE WERE STILL ALIVE ROY? OR WOULD IT?



ONE DAY AS THE SCHOONER, MARIA, CARRYING A GROUP OF EXPLORERS, SLICES THROUGH THE ICY WATERS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC...

ER, CAPTAIN! AM I SEEING THINGS, OR IS THAT THE FIGURE OF A MAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT ICEBERG?



AND, SOON, UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION...

GREAT JUPITER! IT'S A MAN ALL RIGHT... FROZEN SOLID!

IT'S A VERY LARGE ICEBERG! LET'S BORE THROUGH AND DIG HIM OUT!

THIS IS ONE PICTURE I NEVER EXPECTED TO GET!







AFTER HOURS OF BACK BREAKING LABOR IN THE SUB-ZERO COLD...

STRANGE KIND OF COSTUME... LOOKS LIKE A PIRATE OR SOMETHING!

EASY WITH THAT PICK... WE'RE ONLY INCHES AWAY FROM HIM!

AND BOON...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... THE MAN WAS A PIRATE, AND PROBABLY LIVED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO! I'D SURE GIVE A LOT TO HEAR HIS STORY!

MAYBE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO AT THAT, PETERSON. THIS MAN IS ALIVE!

WHAT? BY GEORGE, YES, THERE IS A DEFINITE PULSE BEAT! INCREDIBLE! QUICKLY, FETCH THE OXYGEN TANK!

AND SHORTLY AFTER, TO THE SPEECHLESS AGONY OF ALL...

SHYER MY TIMBERS! DID WE SHAKE OFF THAT SPANISH PRIVATEER? AH, NO... I RECALL NOW... THEIR CANNON BALLS SENT US TO THE BOTTOM, AND HE TOOK TO THE RAFTS... BUT... BUT... WHERE AM I NOW? AND BY THE LIVING THUNDER, WHO ARE YOU ALL?

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, WHILE HEADLINES CRACKLE WITH THE ELECTRIFYING STORY, THE EXPLORERS WORK TIRELESSLY TO HELP THE PIRATE FROM THE PAST BRIDGE THE YAWNING GAP OF 300 YEARS...

JOURNALIST PIRATE DICK ★ FLINT NO HOAX

FLINT HAS ADDED GREATLY TO OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE LATE 18TH CENTURY!

FLINT WAS MEMBER OF CAPT. KIDD CREW!!

NEW! REAL PIRATE SCOFFS AT MOVIE PIRATE

SHYER MY S ODES WE WERENT THAT VILLA NOUS!



MEANWHILE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, IN ROY RAYMOND'S OFFICE AT THE TV STATION...

HE LOOKS LIKE A TERRIFIC BET FOR THE SHOW, ROY! IMAGINE A REAL-LIFE PIRATE!

OUT OF THE DEEP FREEZE, YOU MEAN! YES...AMAZING, AMAZING!

JOURNAL  
FROZEN PIRATE FOUND ON ICE

AT THE SAME TIME, OTHERS INVESTIGATE THE COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE PIRATE...

WE REPRESENT THE WORLD-WIDE NEWS SERVICE. IF CAPTAIN FLINT AGREES TO WRITE A SERIES OF FEATURES ABOUT HIS FAMOUS EXPLOITS, WE'LL PAY HIM \$1,000 FOR EACH ARTICLE! AFTER ALL, HE MUST MAKE MONEY SOMEHOW...LOOTING SHIPS IS OUT OF STYLE!

BY THUNDER, IT'S A BARGAIN! AND THERE'S NO LAW AGAIN DIGGING UP SOME O' THE TREASURE ME AND CAPTAIN KIDD BURIED, IS THERE?

BURIED TREASURE! HMM...NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

I HAVE THE MAPS SHOWING EXACTLY WHERE THEY ARE, TOO! HERE'S ONE RIGHT HERE WHICH WE BURIED ON A ROCK-BOLDED COAST IN NORTH AMERICA!

MM, LOOKS LIKE RHODE ISLAND! GENTLEMEN, WE SHALL MAKE PLANS TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

ACCORDINGLY, THREE WEEKS LATER, AN EAGER GROUP, INCLUDING ROY RAYMOND, SETS OUT ON THE STRANGE ADVENTURE...

WE'RE GOING BY BOAT SO IT'LL BE EASIER FOR FLINT TO SPOT THE PLACE BY THE COASTLINE, WHICH HASN'T CHANGED TOO MUCH OVER THE YEARS!

I HOPE HE DOES! I'VE SIGNED FLINT FOR MY SHOW ON CONDITION HE CAN LEAD US TO HIS BURIED TREASURE!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

THERE'S THE PLACE, BY THE LIVING THUNDER... RIGHT THERE IN THAT COVE!

HEAD FOR SHORE, CAPTAIN...FLINT'S IDENTIFIED THE PLACE!

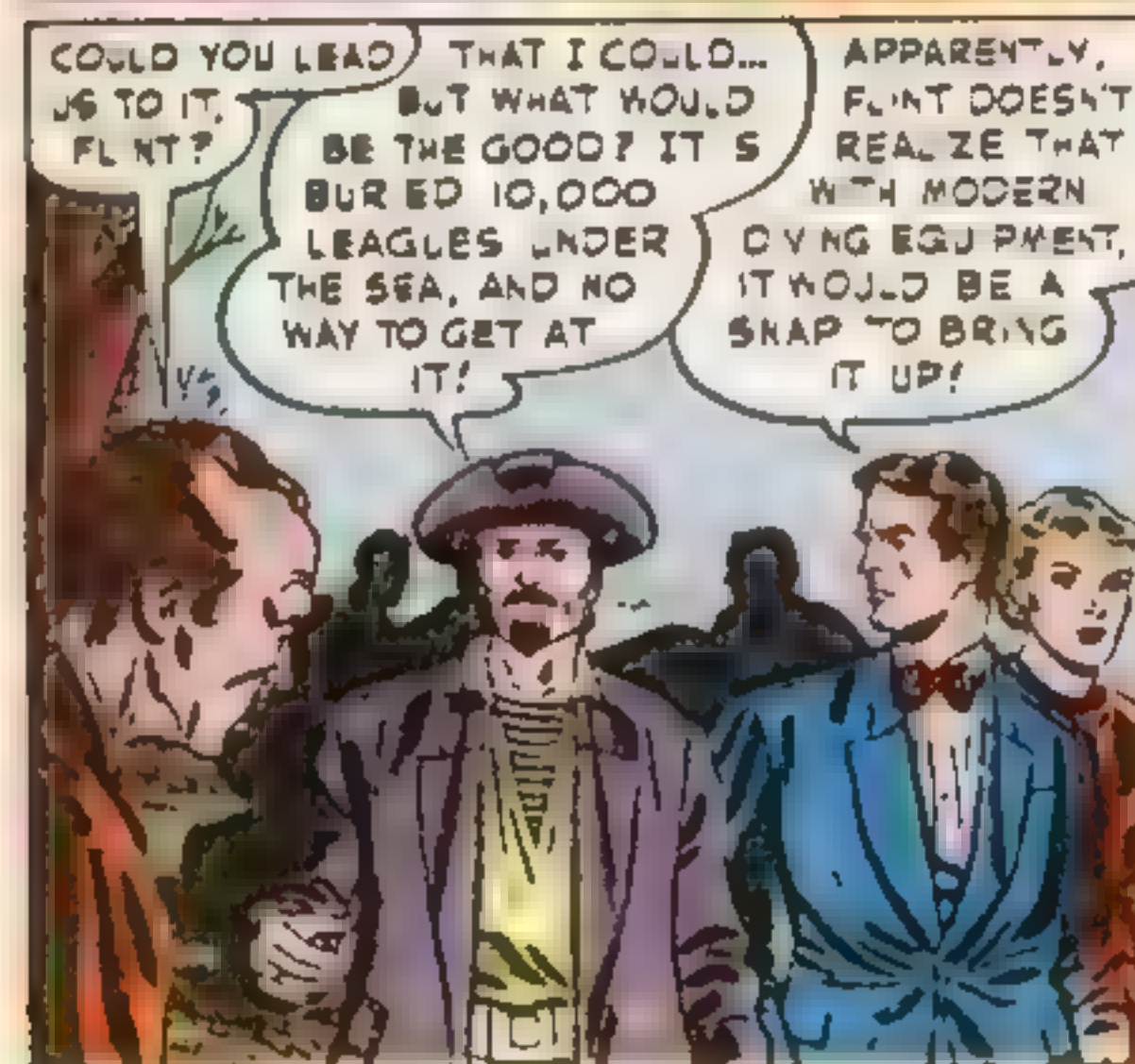
AND SOON...

YES, THIS IS IT, MATES...AT THE FOOT OF THIS TREE, WHICH WAS ONLY A SAPLING IN MY DAY!

YES THIS TREE EASILY GOES BACK AT LEAST 300 YEARS!

DIG AWAY, MEN!









THE NEXT DAY, WHEN THE FINAL DECISION IS PUT BEFORE THE STUDIO MANAGER...

I JUST DON'T LIKE TO SEE MY FANS RISKING THEIR GOOD MONEY ON TREASURE HUNTS, THAT'S ALL!

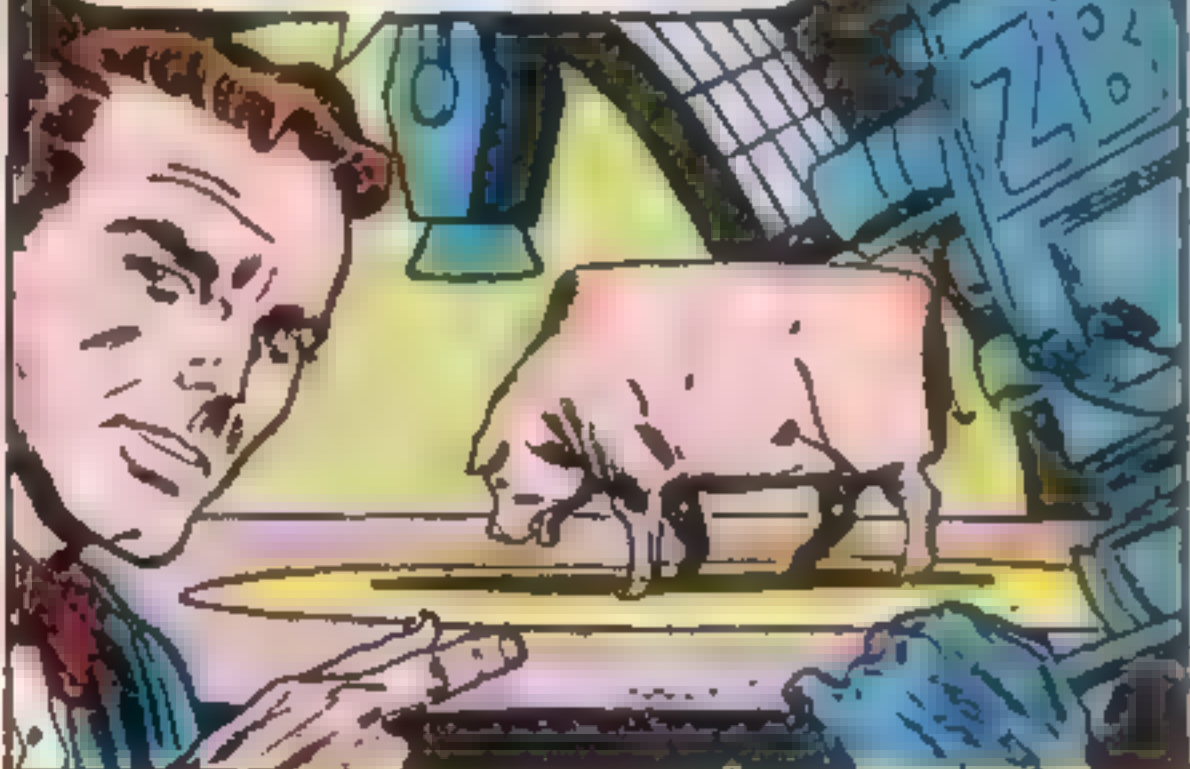
DON'T BE SILLY, ROY! AS A PUBLIC TV STUNT, IT'S A NATURAL!

YOU'RE ON IN THREE MINUTES, MR. RAYMOND!



SHORTLY, AS ROY'S SHOW GETS UNDER WAY

HERE'S AN INTERESTING ODDITY... A SQUARE PIG! THEY ARE RAISED BY THE NATIVES OF TARAPACA, CHILE, WHO PLACE THEM IN BOXES AND THEN OVERSTUFF THEM, IN ORDER TO MAKE THE HOGS AS FAT AS POSSIBLE!



AT LENGTH, AS THE PROGRAM REACHES ITS STUNNING CLIMAX...

AND NOW, I AM PLEASED TO PRESENT A MAN WHO IS "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE"... CAPTAIN DICK FLINT, WHO WILL RE-ENACT ONE OF HIS MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES FROM THE PAST!

ROY COULDN'T FIND A GENUINE PISTOL THAT WOULD ACTUALLY SHOOT... SO, FOR THE SCENE, HE PAINTED UP AN ORDINARY REVOLVER! CLEVER, HUH?



SOON, FLINT THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE ROLE LIKE A BORN ACTOR...

THE SPANISH PRIVATEER WAS BEHIND ME... BUT QUICK AS A BOLT, I WHIRLED ABOUT AND LET HIM HAVE THREE BULLETS IN RAPID SUCCESSION!



FINALLY, FLINT STEPS FORWARD TO DELIVER HIS BREATHTAKING ANNOUNCEMENT, AND...

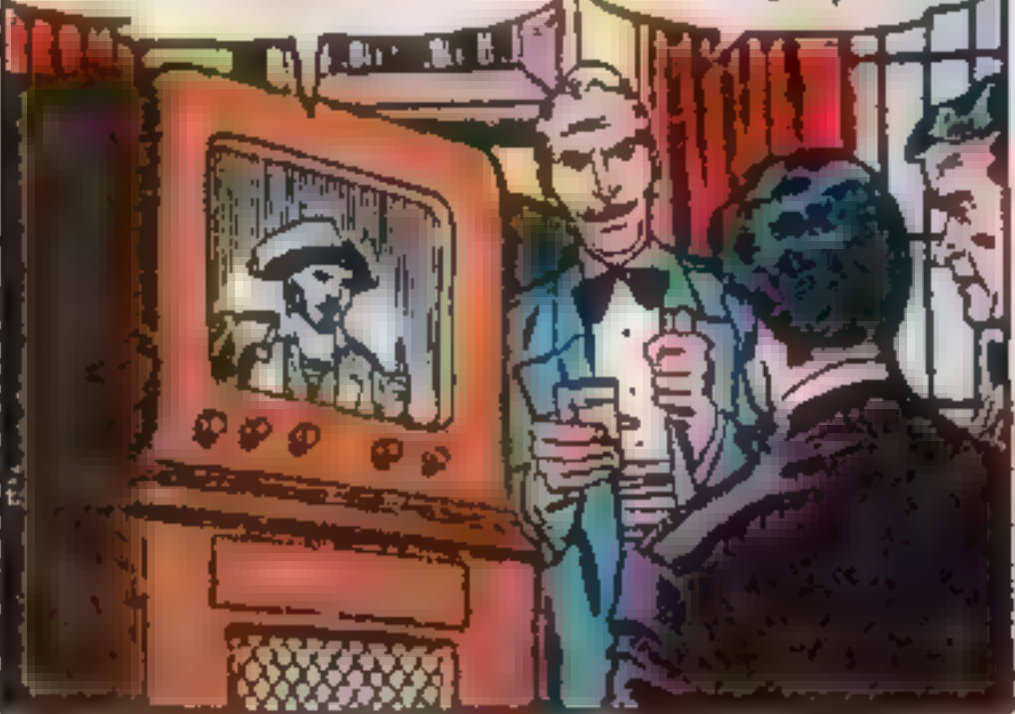
I'VE ALREADY DUG UP ONE FORTUNE... SO IF YOU FOLKS OUT THERE WANT TO JOIN UP AND SHARE IN THE NEXT TREASURE HUNT, I'LL TELL YOU HOW...

IF RAYMOND'S BEHIND THIS, IT MUST BE AUTHENTIC! I'LL TAKE A FLYER FOR \$5,000!

JUST SEND YOUR MONEY TO THIS STATION, CARE OF MR. RAYMOND!

THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE TO GET ENOUGH CASH TO BUILD THAT NEW DORMITORY! I'M FOR SENDING \$10,000 TO MR. RAYMOND AT ONCE!

FOLLOWING A FLOOD OF CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS FROM COAST TO COAST, A COMPLETE DIVING GEAR AND CREW ARE SOON ASSEMBLED AND READY TO EMBARK ON THE SECOND TREASURE HUNT, WITH CAPTAIN DICK FLINT AT THE HELM...

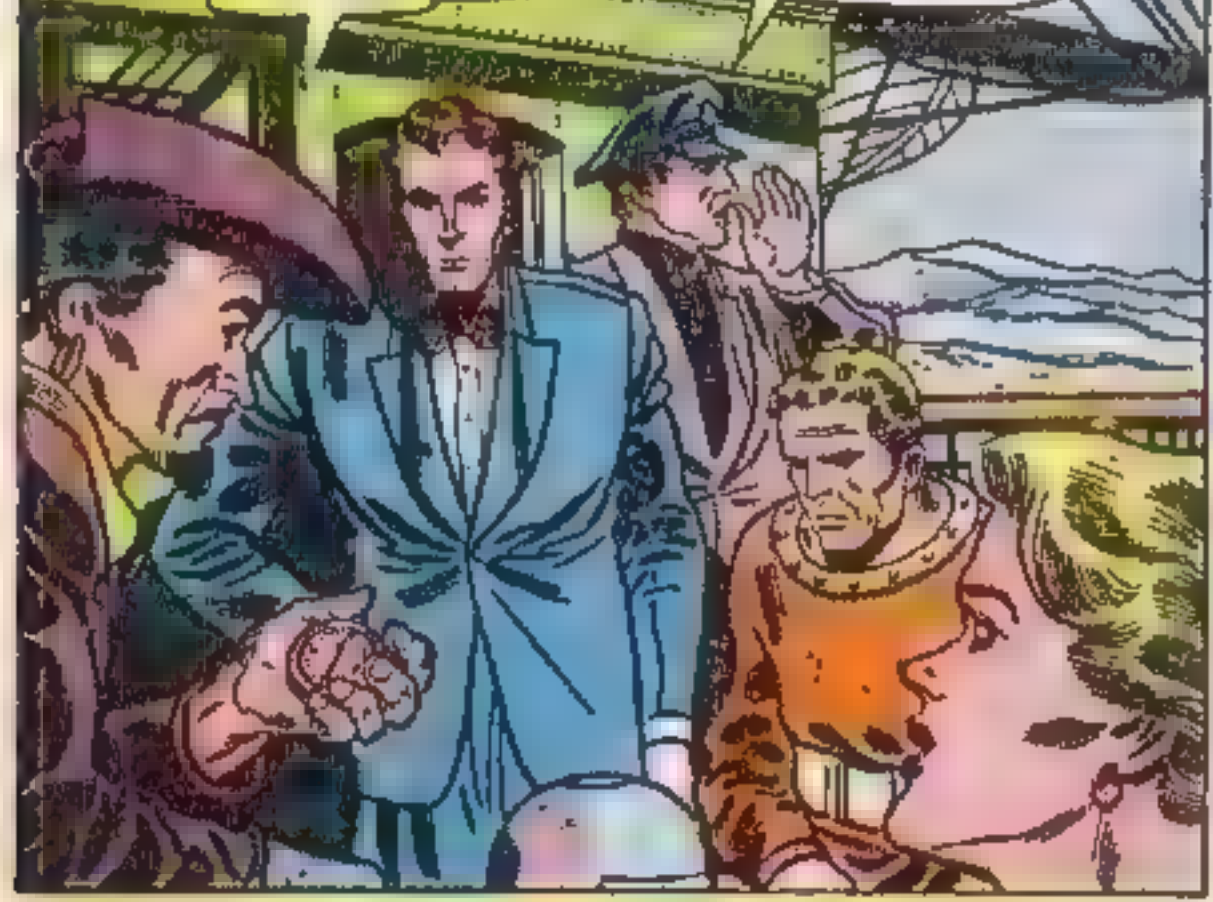




AFTER THREE HOURS ON THE HIGH SEAS, THE CRUCIAL MOMENT FINALLY ARRIVES...

ACCORDIN' TO MY CALCULATIONS, THIS IS IT, RIGHT HERE!

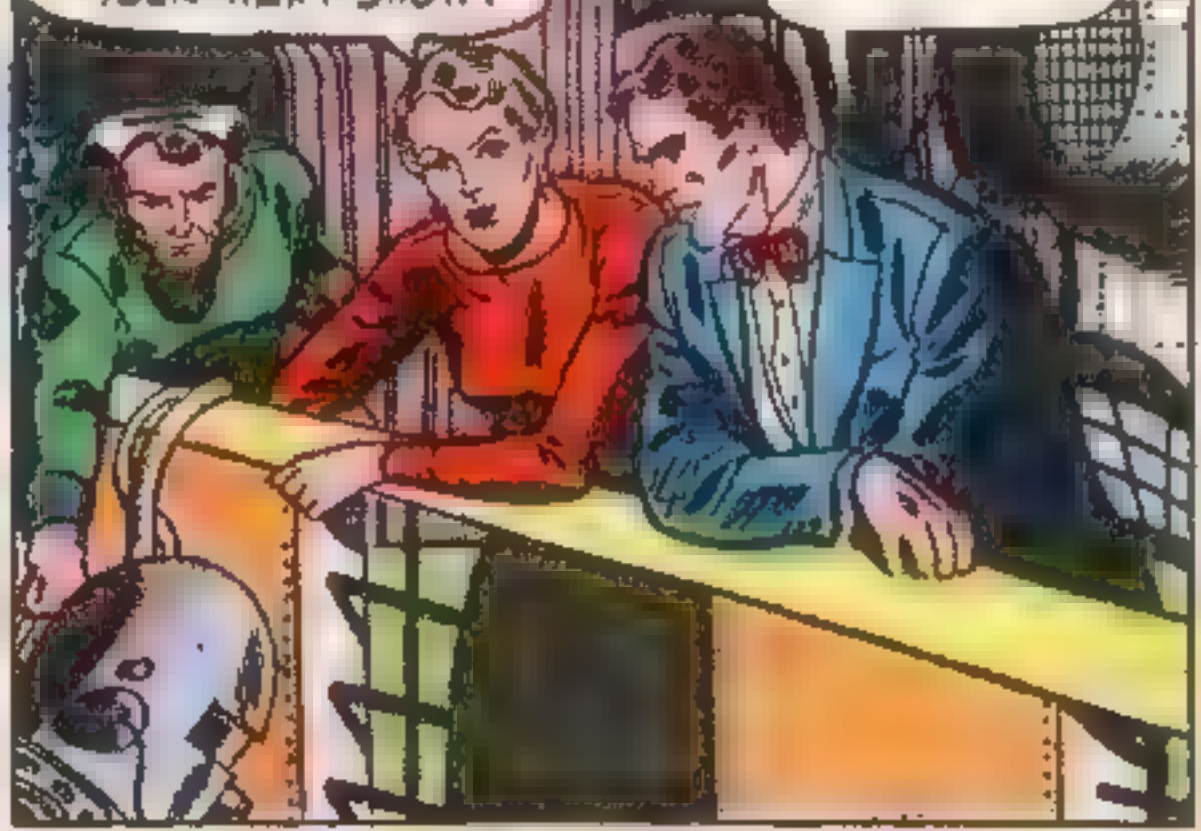
AHOO! DROP ANCHOR, AND READY THE DIVING GEAR!



AND SOON...

ROY, I'M SCARED! SUPPOSE THE DIVER DOESN'T FIND A CHEST DOWN THERE? WHAT'LL YOU SAY ON YOUR NEXT SHOW?

AFTER THE WAY I STUCK MY NECK OUT... IF HE COMES UP WITHOUT A CHEST, THERE WON'T BE A NEXT SHOW!

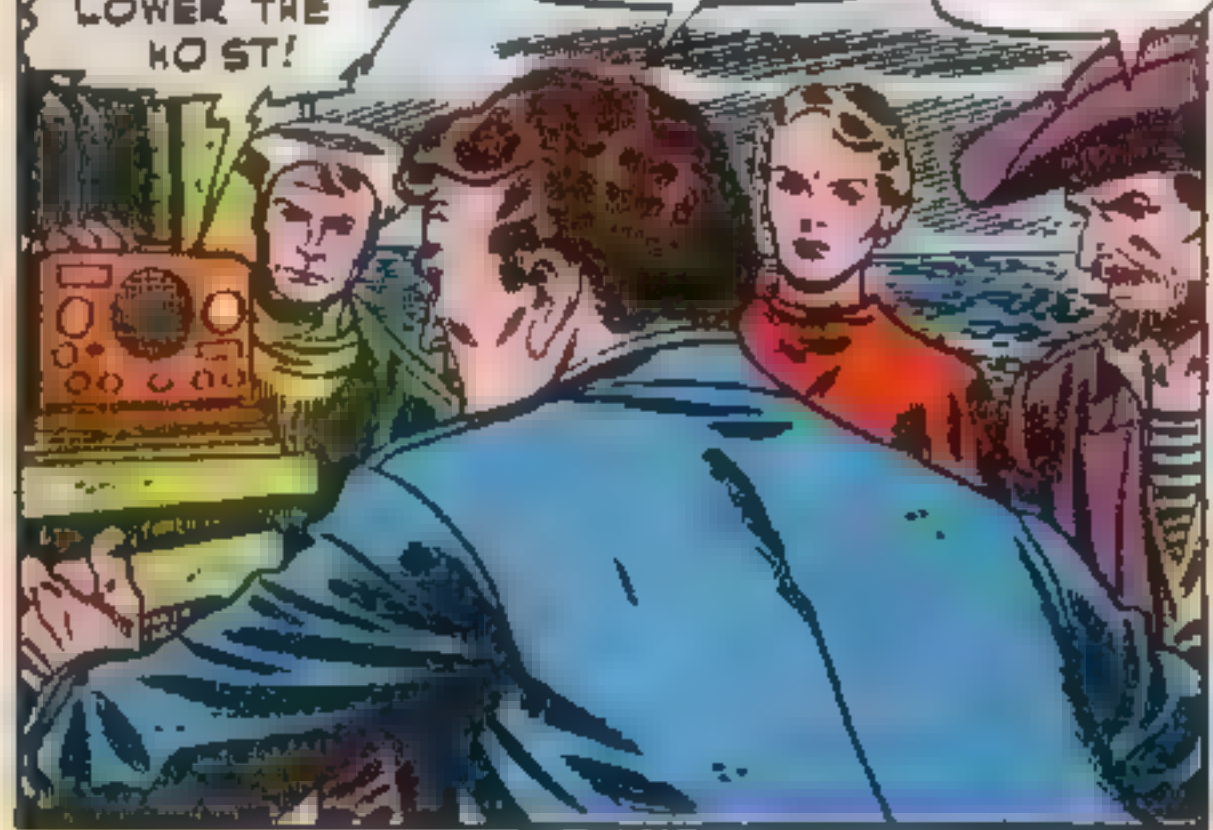


BUT EXACTLY 16 MINUTES LATER, AN ELECTRIFYING MESSAGE FROM THE OCEAN BED IS HEARD...

VERY LARGE CHEST DOWN HERE! LOWER THE HOIST!

WE... HE ACTUALLY FOUND IT!

NATURALLY!



AND AS THE TENSE MINUTES TICK BY, SUDDENLY THE SEA PARTS, AND...

ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF A 300-YEAR-OLD PIRATE AND A LONG-LOST TREASURE DON'T EXCITE YOU, NOTHING WILL!

I'LL GET EXCITED AFTER THEY PRY THE LID OFF THAT CHEST!

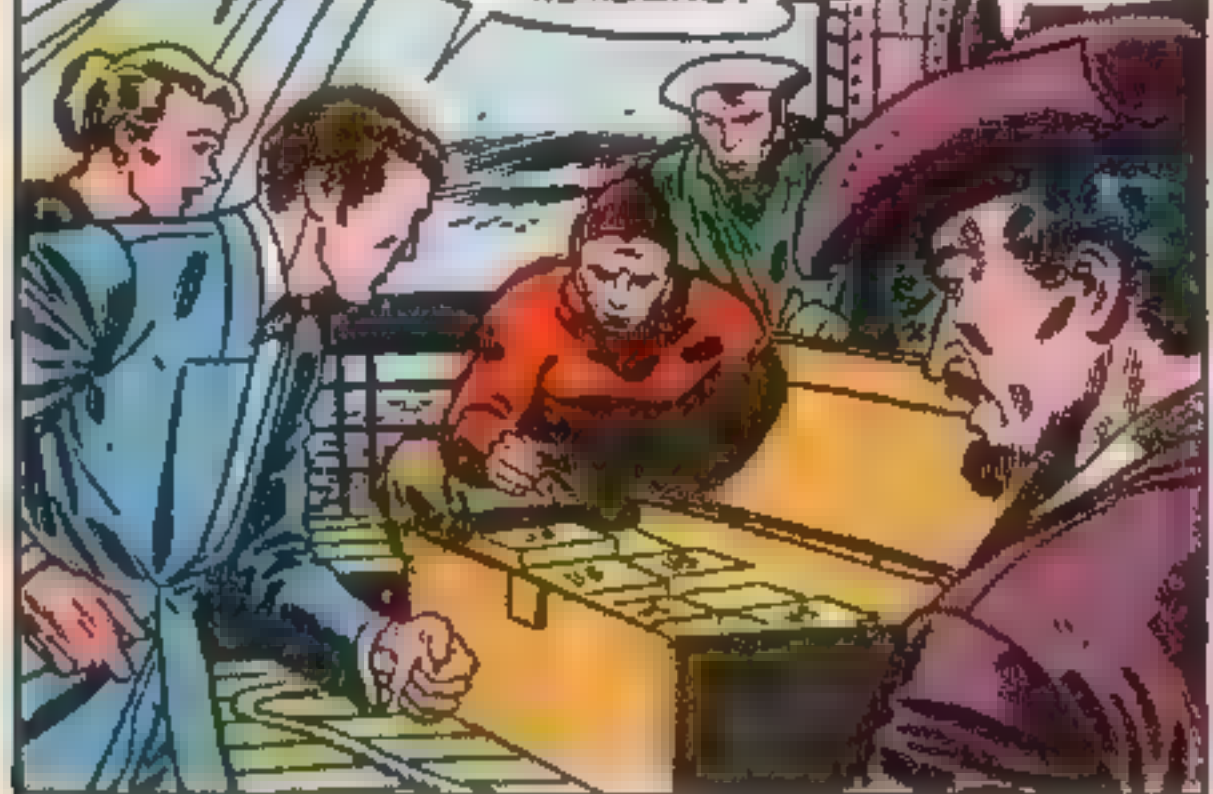


AT LENGTH...

LOOK, ROY... BARS OF SOLID GOLD! BUT I THOUGHT...

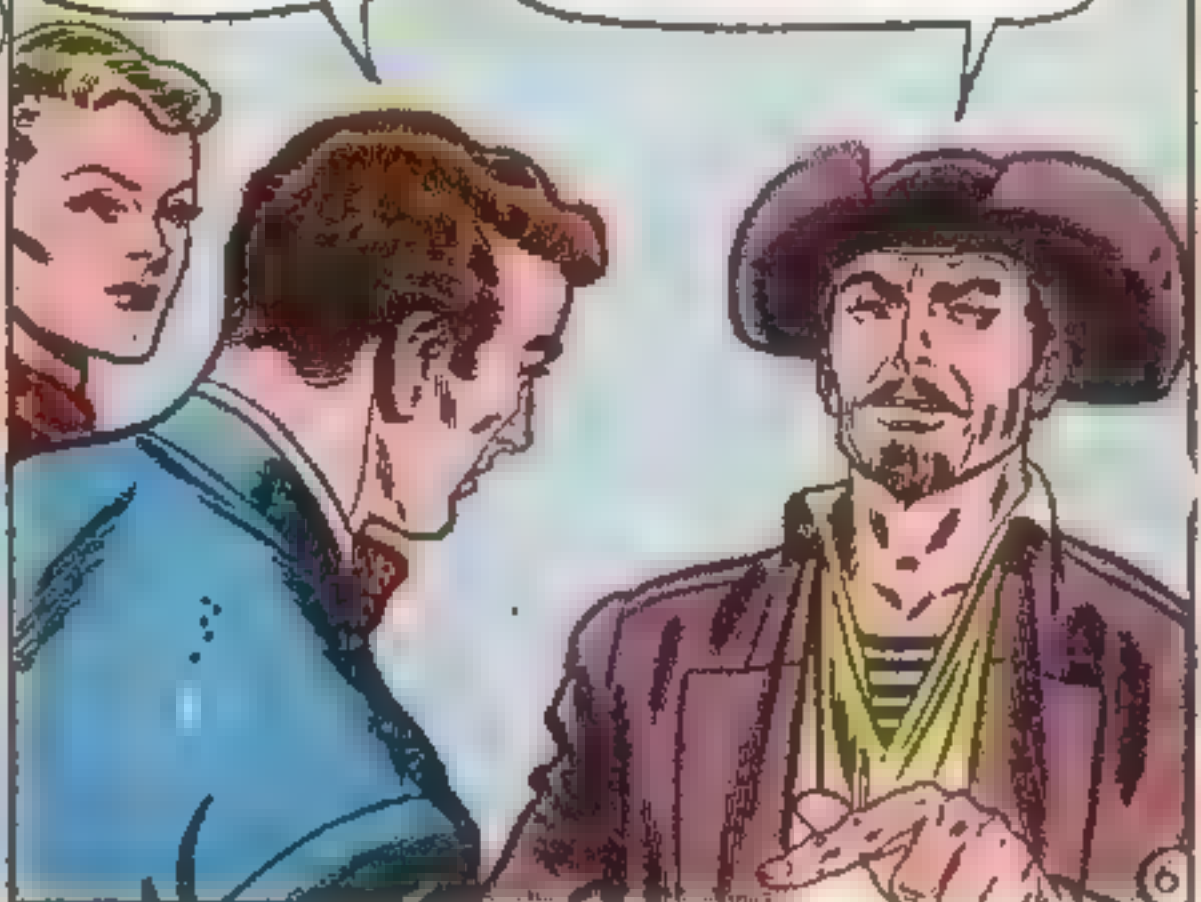
YES, YOU WERE THINKING OF DOUBLOONS AND PIECES OF EIGHT... NOT MODERN GOLD BULLION, STAMPED WITH UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SERIAL NUMBERS!

YOU'RE SO RIGHT, RAYMOND!



YOU ADMIT IT, DO YOU? AND DO YOU ALSO ADMIT YOU'RE A PHONEY?

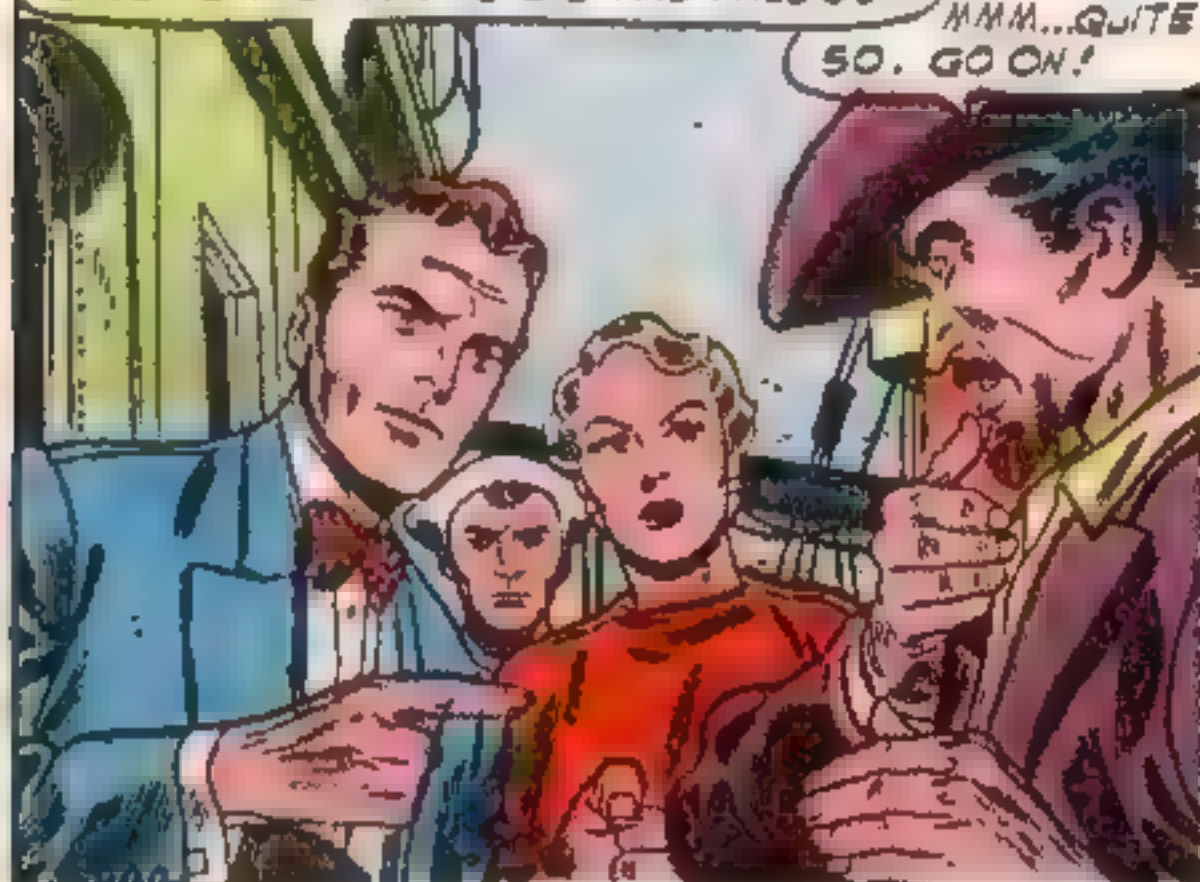
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING! IT HAPPENS THAT I'M NO OLDER THAN YOU ARE! HOW DID YOU GUESS?



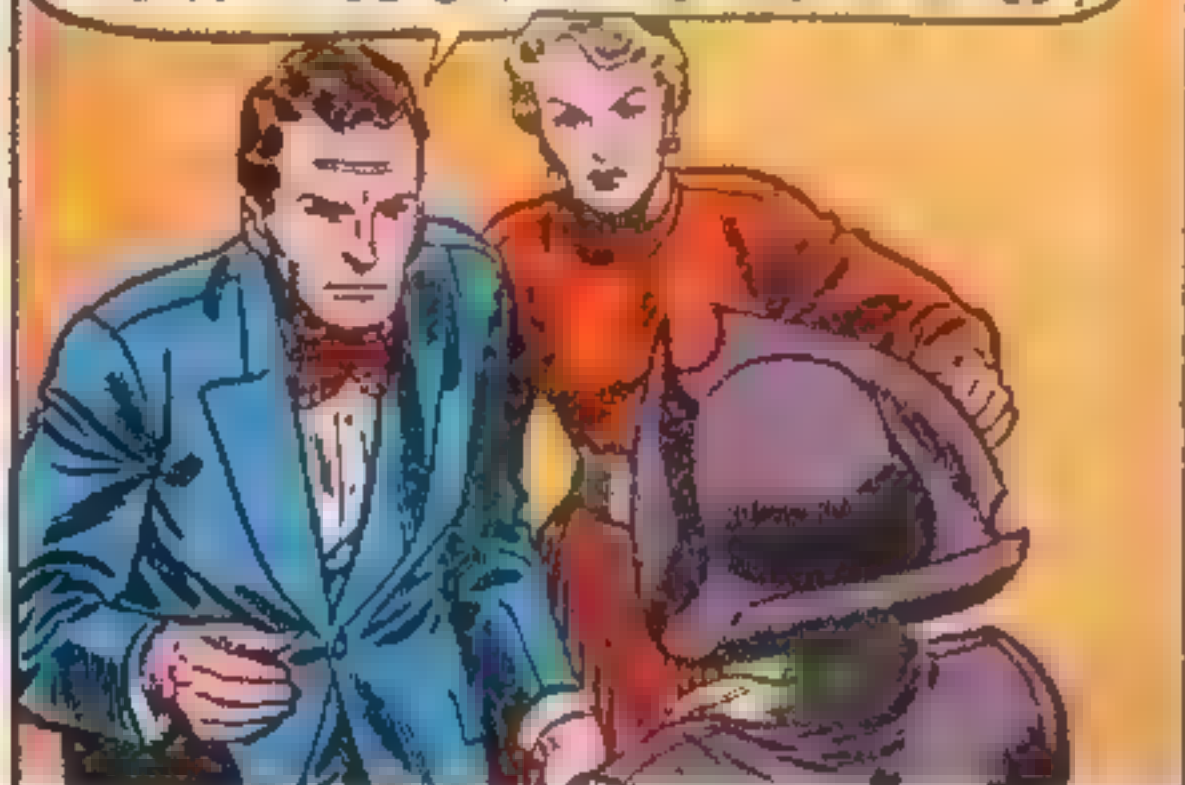


WHEN I FIRST SAW THAT NEWS PHOTO OF YOU IN THE ICEBERG, WITH A FULL HEAD OF HEALTHY HAIR! IN A DEEP-FROZEN STATE, THE OLGANDS WOULD STOP FUNCTIONING, CAUSING THE HAIR TO DE AND FALL OUT!

MMM...QUITE SO. GO ON!



I INTEND TO! IN THAT SCENE AT THE STUDIO WHEN YOU DRAMATIZED YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH THE SPANISH PRIVATEER, YOU DESCRIBED HOW YOU FIRED THREE BULLETS IN SUCCESSION INTO HIM! WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS, HOW YOU EVER GOT HOLD OF A MODERN REPEATING REVOLVER BEFORE IT WAS EVEN INVENTED?

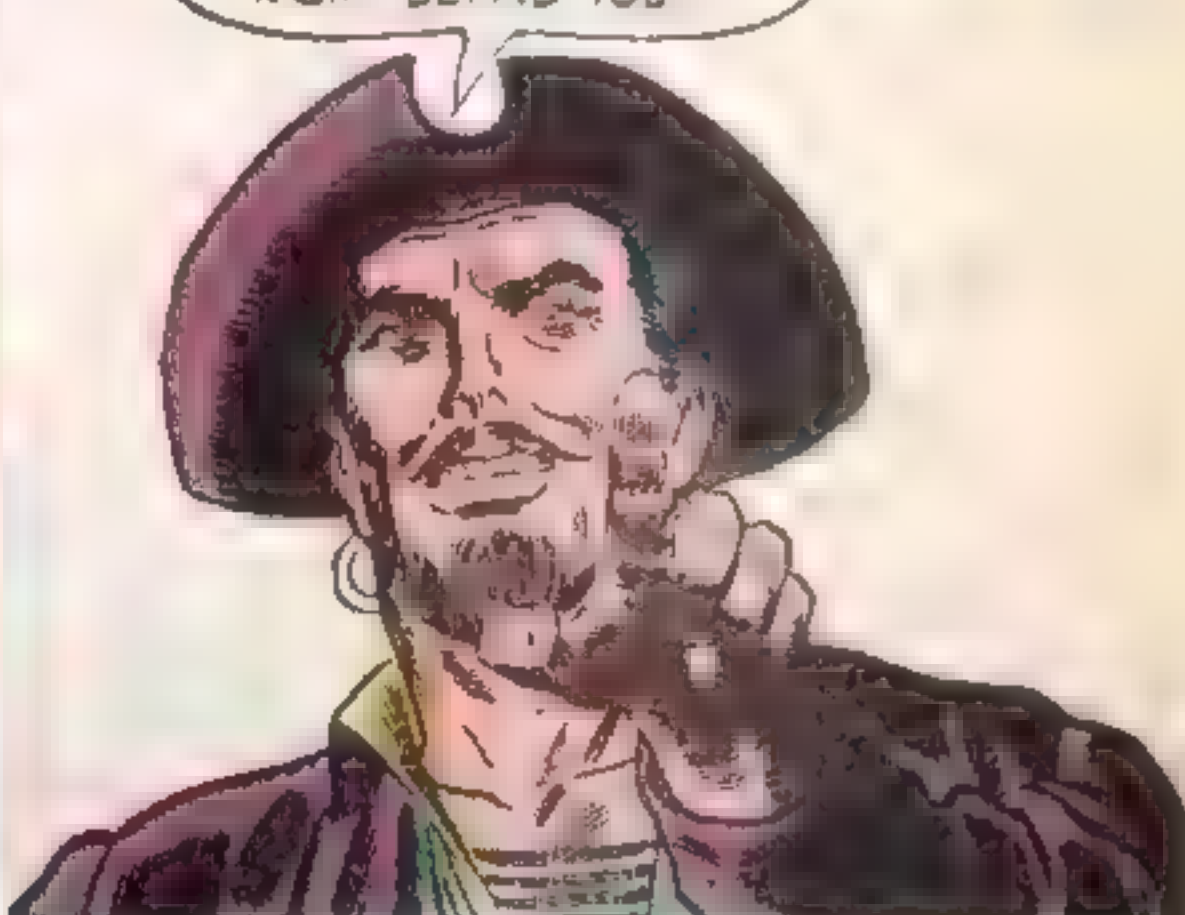


THAT WAS A BAD SLIP ON MY PART! CLEVER OF YOU TO CATCH IT, RAYMOND... I SEE NOW HOW YOU GOT YOUR REPUTATION!

THANKS, BUT PERHAPS YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO ANSWER A QUESTION FOR ME NOW! HOW COME YOU'RE SO WILLING TO ADMIT THE WHOLE BUSINESS WAS A HOAX?



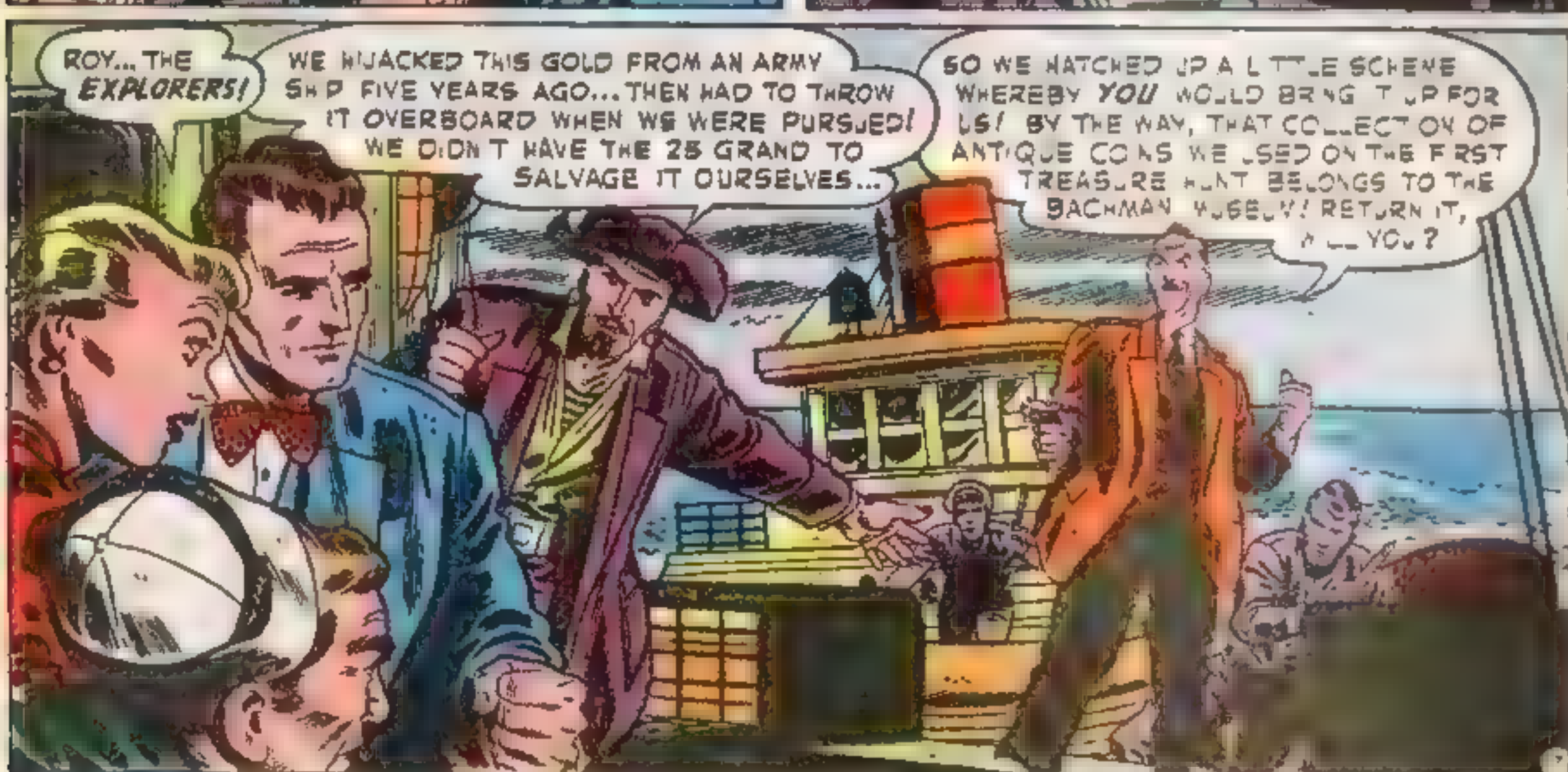
THE ANSWER TO THAT LIES RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



ROY... THE EXPLORERS!

WE HIJACKED THIS GOLD FROM AN ARMY SHIP FIVE YEARS AGO... THEN HAD TO THROW IT OVERBOARD WHEN WE WERE PURSUED! WE DIDN'T HAVE THE 25 GRAND TO SALVAGE IT OURSELVES...

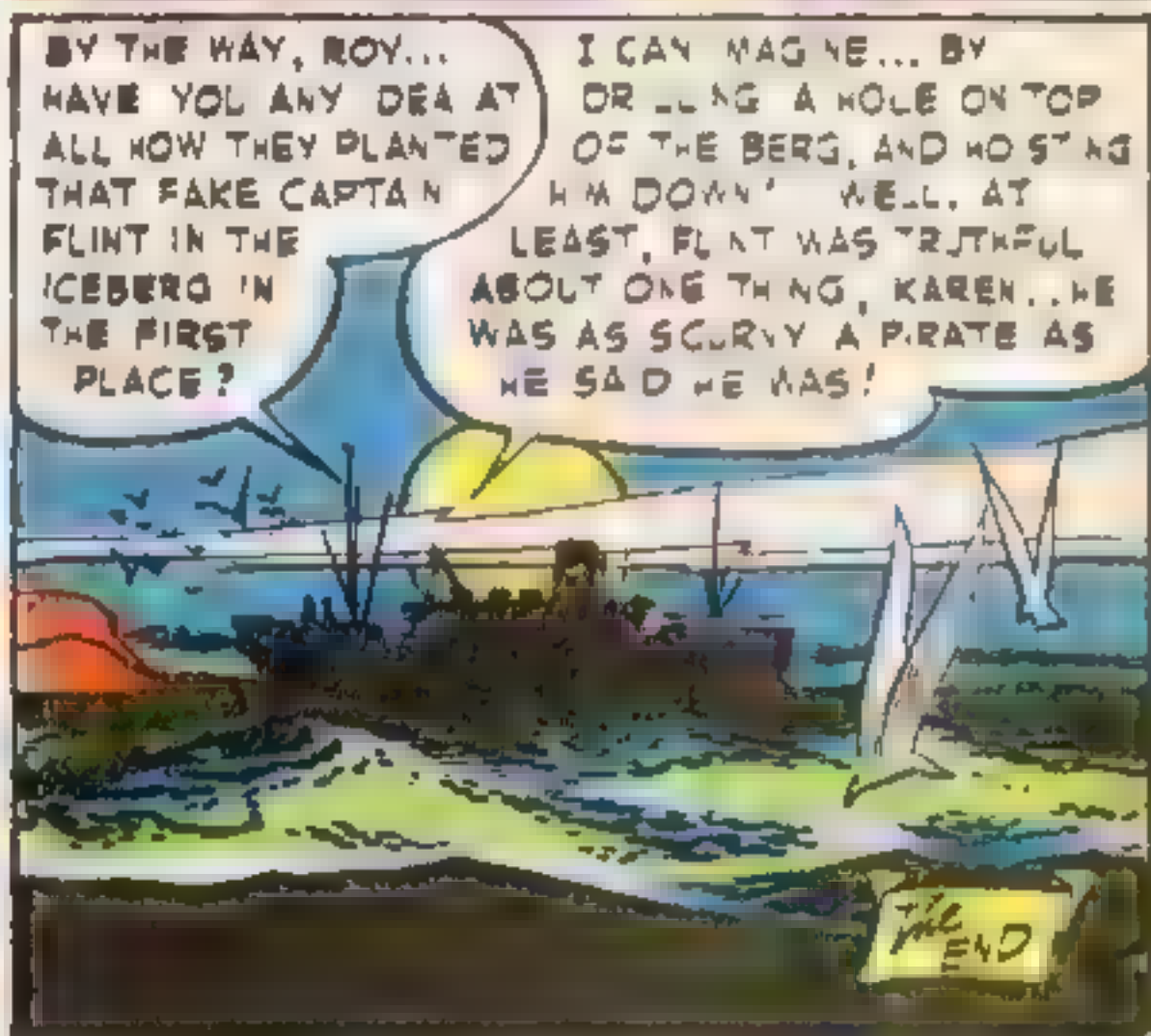
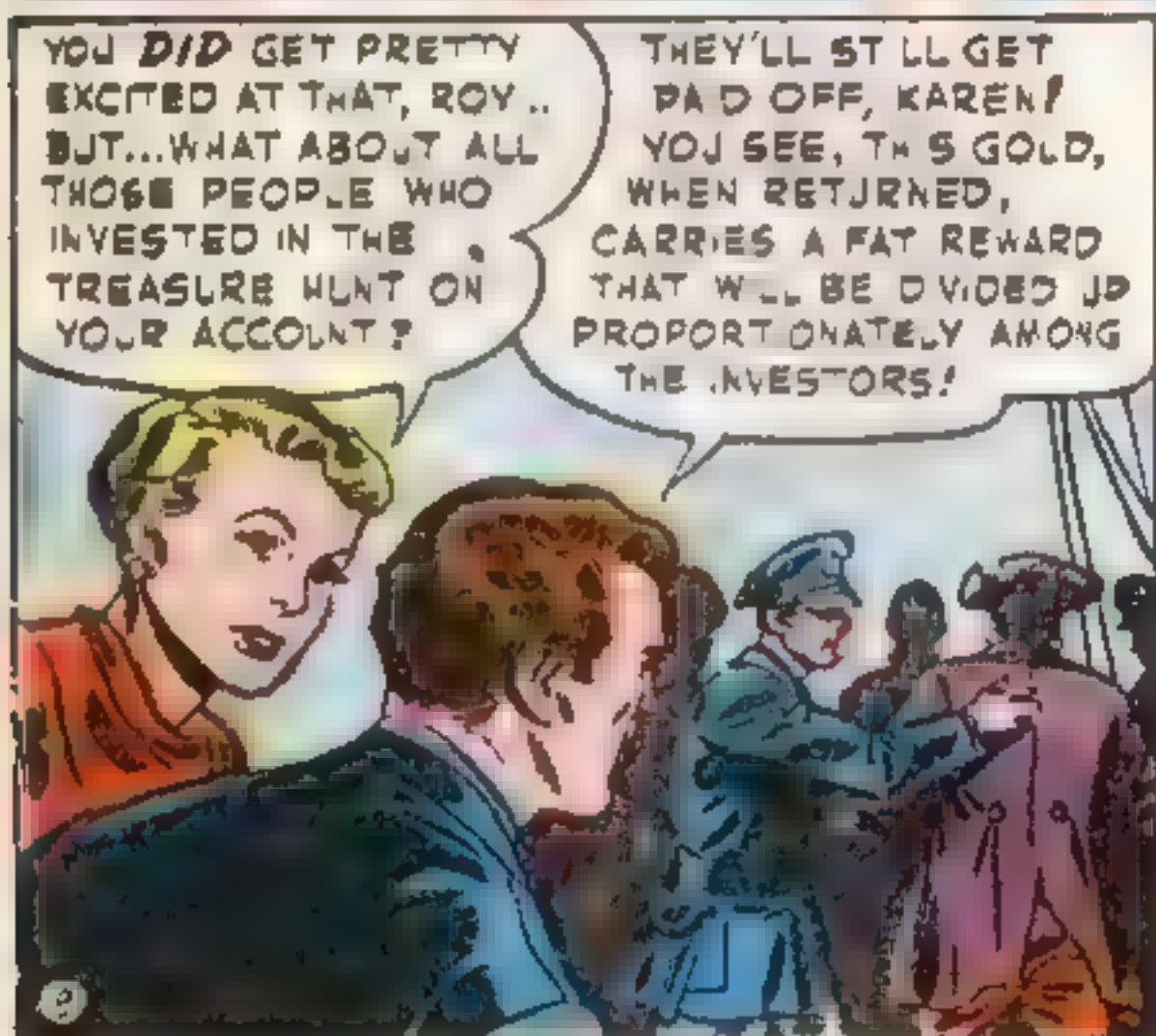
SO WE HATCHED UP A LITTLE SCHEME WHEREBY YOU WOULD BRING IT UP FOR US! BY THE WAY, THAT COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE COINS WE USED ON THE FIRST TREASURE HUNT BELONGS TO THE BACHMAN MUSEUM! RETURN IT, WILL YOU?







# DETECTIVE COMICS



## ADVERTISEMENT



"Sorry, none for you James, you flunked the Fingernail test"

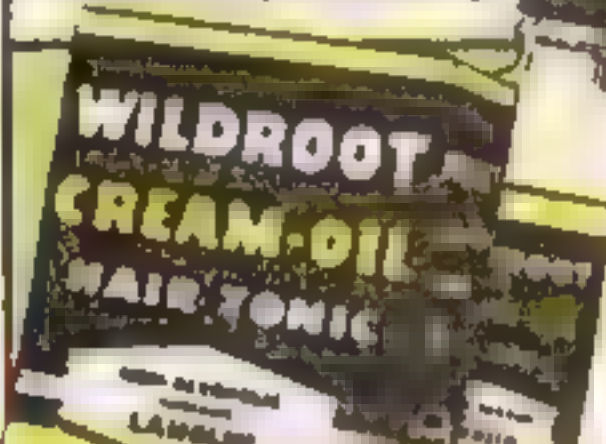


"Keeps hair well groomed even if you have cow-licks!"

## "YOUR HAIR'S BEST FRIEND"

DON'T FLUNK THE FINGER NAIL TEST! Don't let dry, unruly hair and lather-gly-dand-iff spoil your appearance. Keep your hair neat and natural from morning till night with Wildroot Cream Oil. More men use it than any other hair tonic! Get a bottle today!

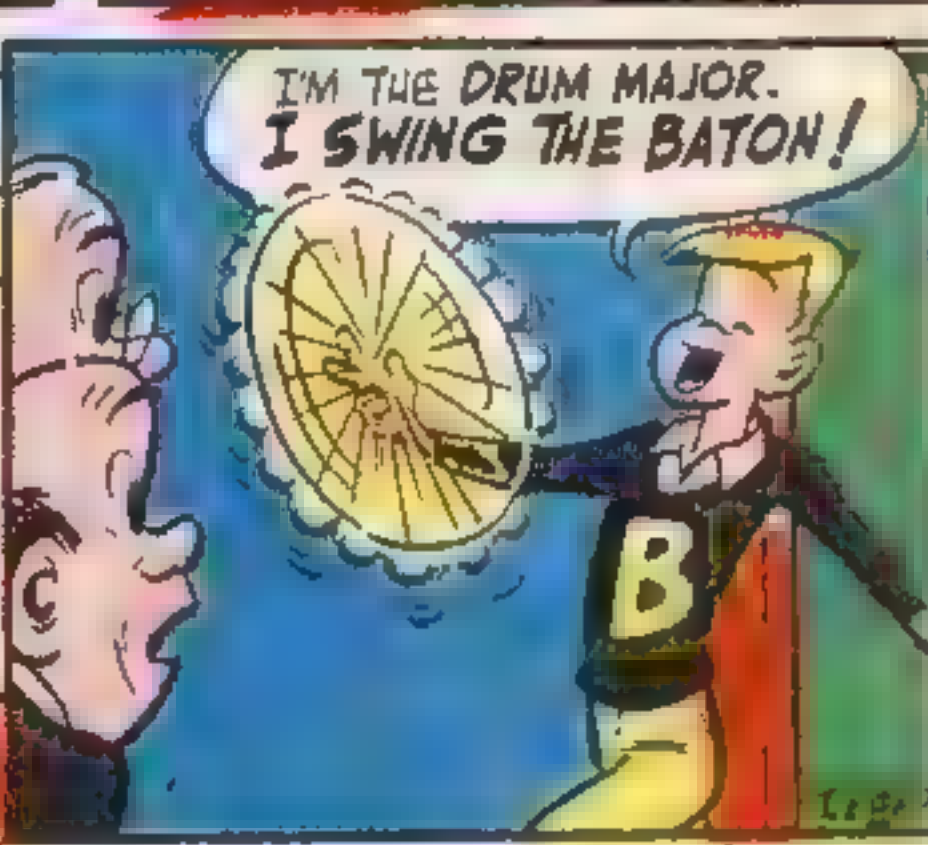
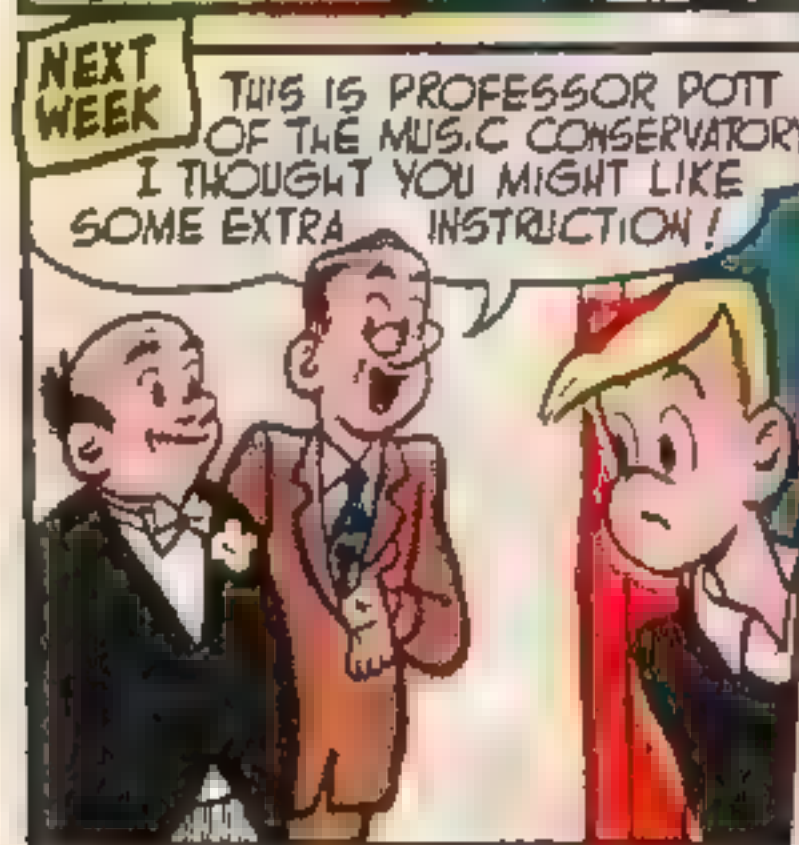
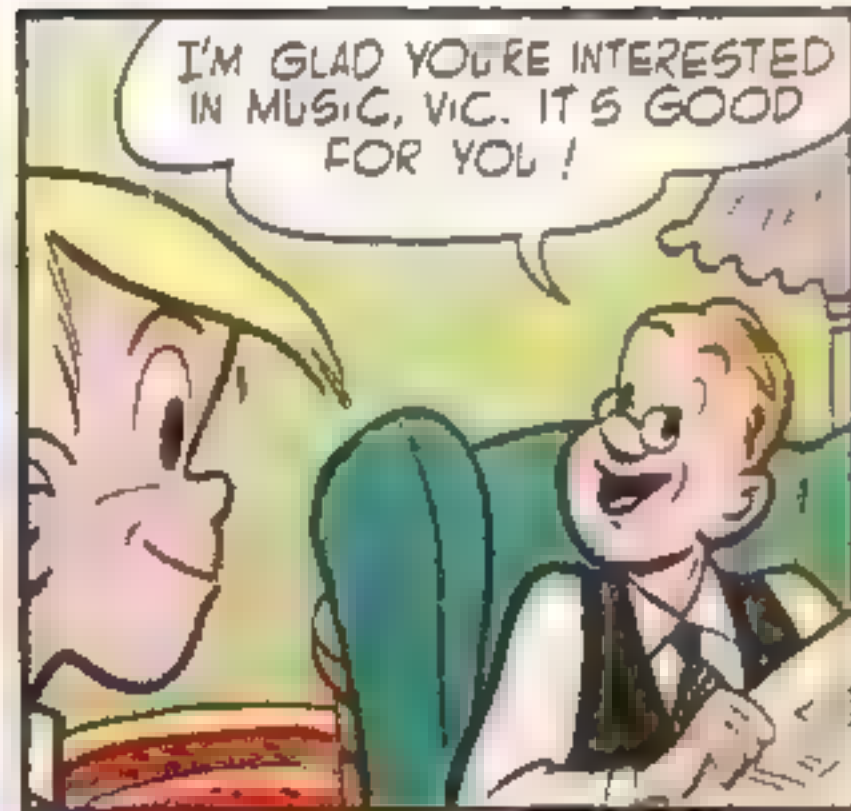
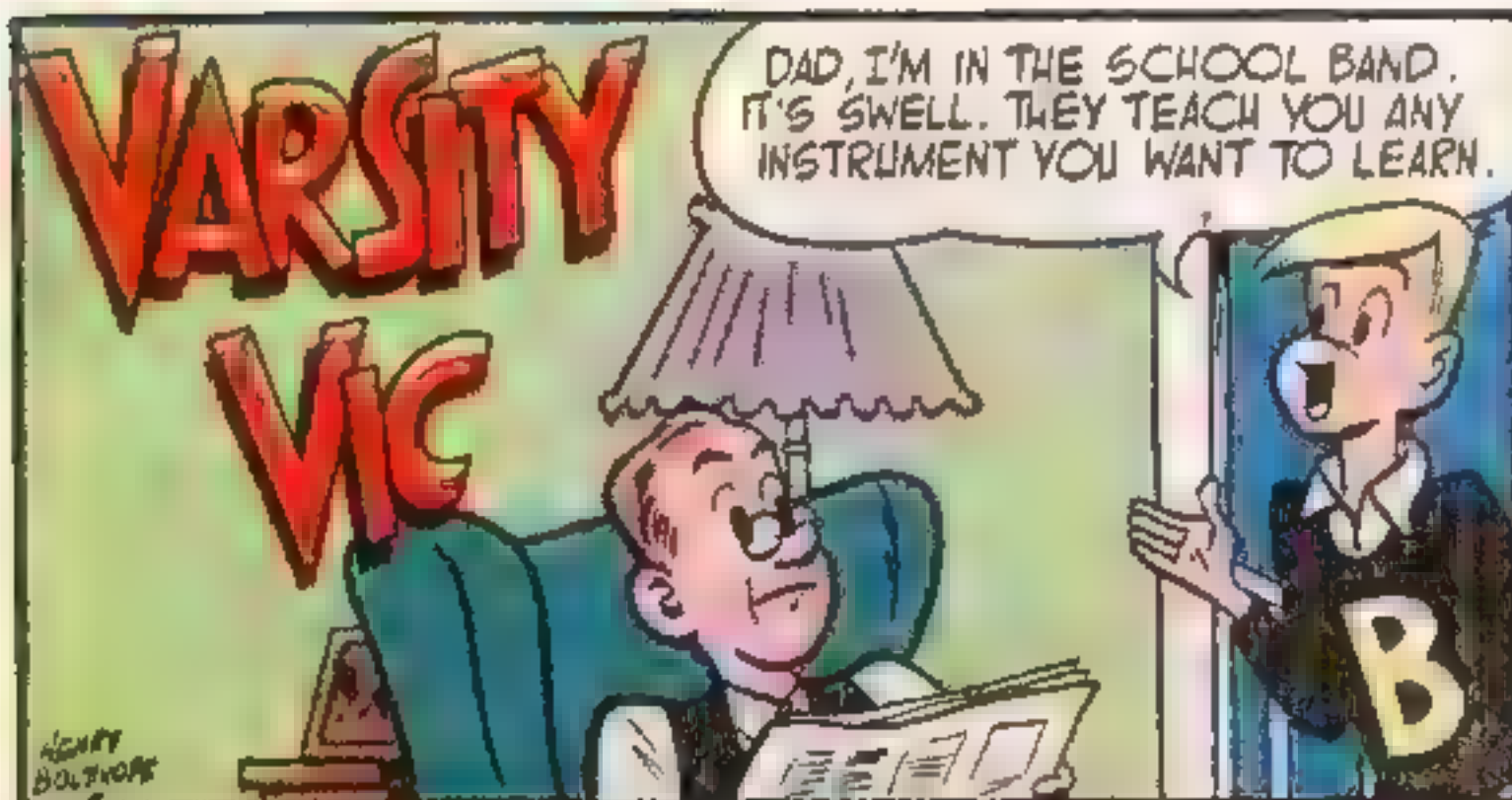
AMERICA'S FAVORITE



GROOMS THE HAIR  
RELIEVES DRYNESS  
REMOVES  
LOOSE BANDS

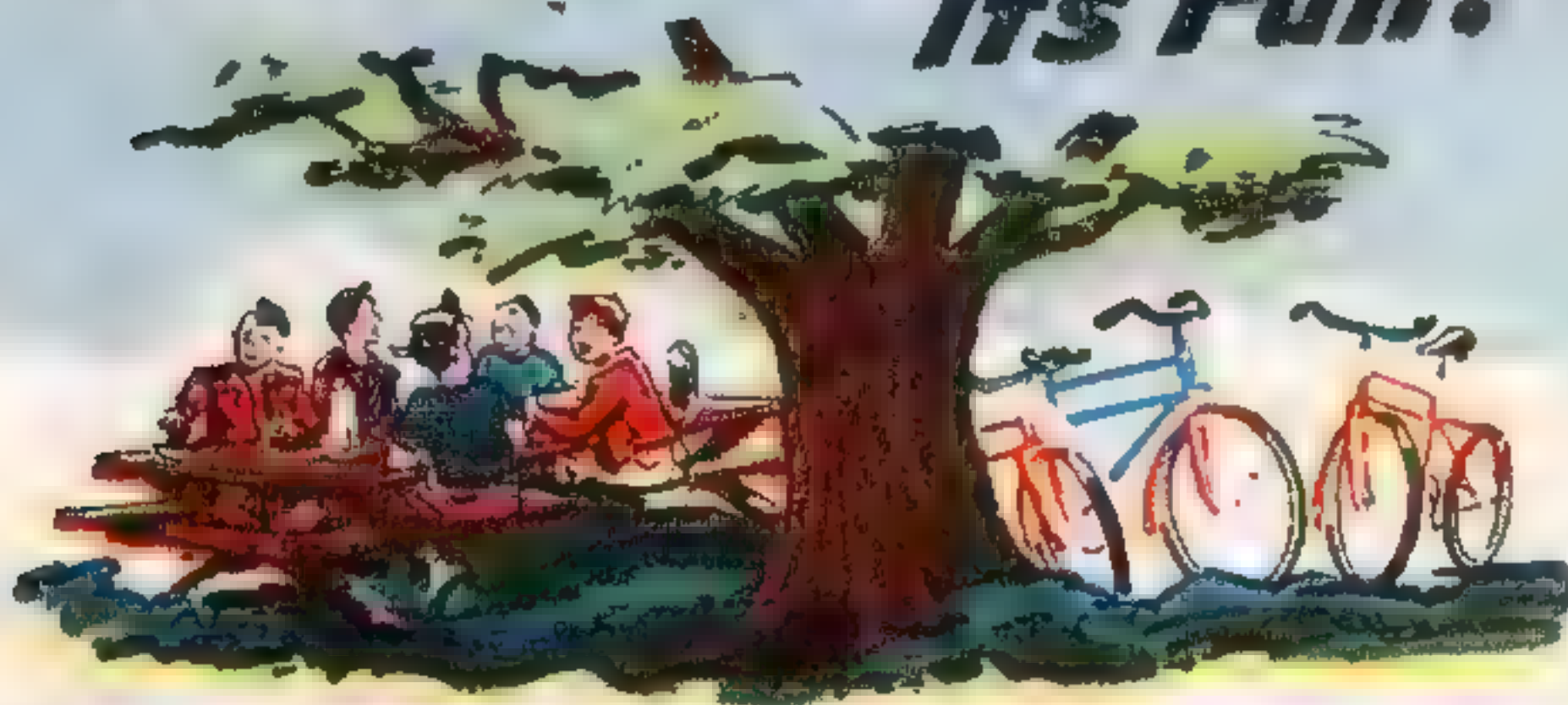
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# Ride a Bike. it's Fun!



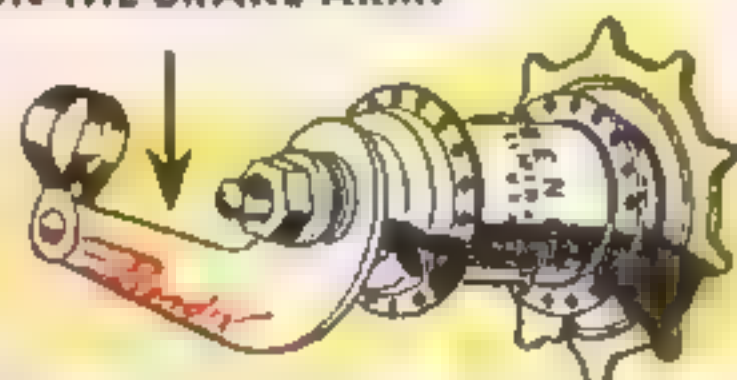
## DOUBLE THE FUN—WITH A **BENDIX\*** COASTER BRAKE

WHY? Because it's built by the people who know most about braking—the same people who make the brakes for your family car. Ask Dad—he knows!

WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR BIKE SAY  
"Bendix Coaster Brake"  
Your dealer will do the rest.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BRAKE ARM!

- PEDALS EASIER
- COASTS FARTHER
- STOPS QUICKER
- LASTS LONGER



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# ROBOTMAN

DID ANYONE EVER THREATEN TO "TEAR YOU APART, LIMB FROM LIMB?" OF COURSE, HE NEVER MEANT IT SERIOUSLY... UNLESS YOUR NAME HAPPENED TO BE ROBOTMAN! AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT DOES HAPPEN TO THE MIGHTY MAN OF METAL WHEN THE UNDERWORLD UNDER-TAKES...

## The RECKING WRECK OF ROBOTMAN!



ONE MORNING, AS PAUL DENNIS, WHO IS REALLY ROBOTMAN, PASSES A LOCAL BANK...

HMM... THAT MAN WITH THE MONOCLE AND GOATEE... I'M SURE I'VE SEEN HIS FACE BEFORE!



ONLY ONE WAY TO LEARN WHERE AND WHEN... BY PRESSING THE STUD THAT CONTROLS THE MECHANICAL MEMORY BUILT INTO MY CHEST!





A MINIATURE TUBE LIGHTS UP IN PAUL'S METAL CHEST. A ROLL OF MICROFILM ROTATES IN HIS CHEST, AND...

OF COURSE...DUKE DANVERS! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM WITH THAT MONOCLE AND GOATEE!

WANTED FOR ROBBERY  
DUKE DANVERS

ONE THING IS CERTAIN... HE DIDN'T GO INTO THAT BANK TO **DEPOSIT** MONEY... WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR **ROBOTMAN** TO STEP IN!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BANK...

THE DOORS ARE LOCKED TIGHT... NO ONE CAN GET IN NOW!

GET THAT MONEY UP!

SUDDENLY...

HUH? IT'S **ROBOTMAN**!

HE'S SO STRONG, HE JUST RIPPED THE DOORS OFF THE R HINGES!

YIIIIII! HE CRUSHED MY GUN WITH HIS HAND!

YOWWWW

BUT AS **ROBOTMAN** RACES TOWARD **DUKE DANVERS**...

NO USE HOLDING THIS **DYNAMITE** ANY MORE! WE CAN'T USE IT TO CRACK THE VAULT... NOT WITH YOU AROUND... BUT MAYBE IT'LL HAVE SOME EFFECT ON YOUR STEEL BODY!

AND BEFORE THE MAN OF METAL CAN DODGE THE DEADLY MISSILES...

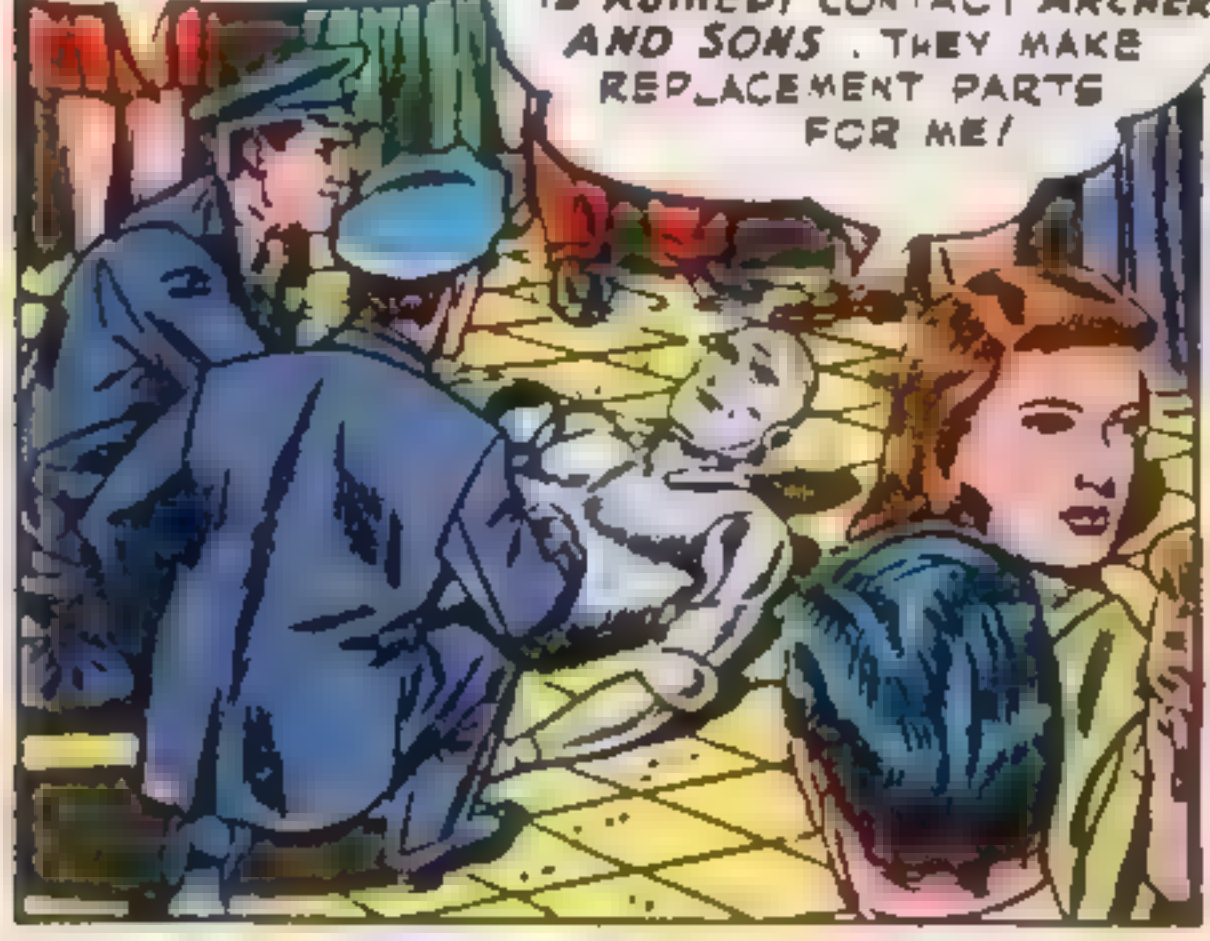
BOOOOM



**MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE..**

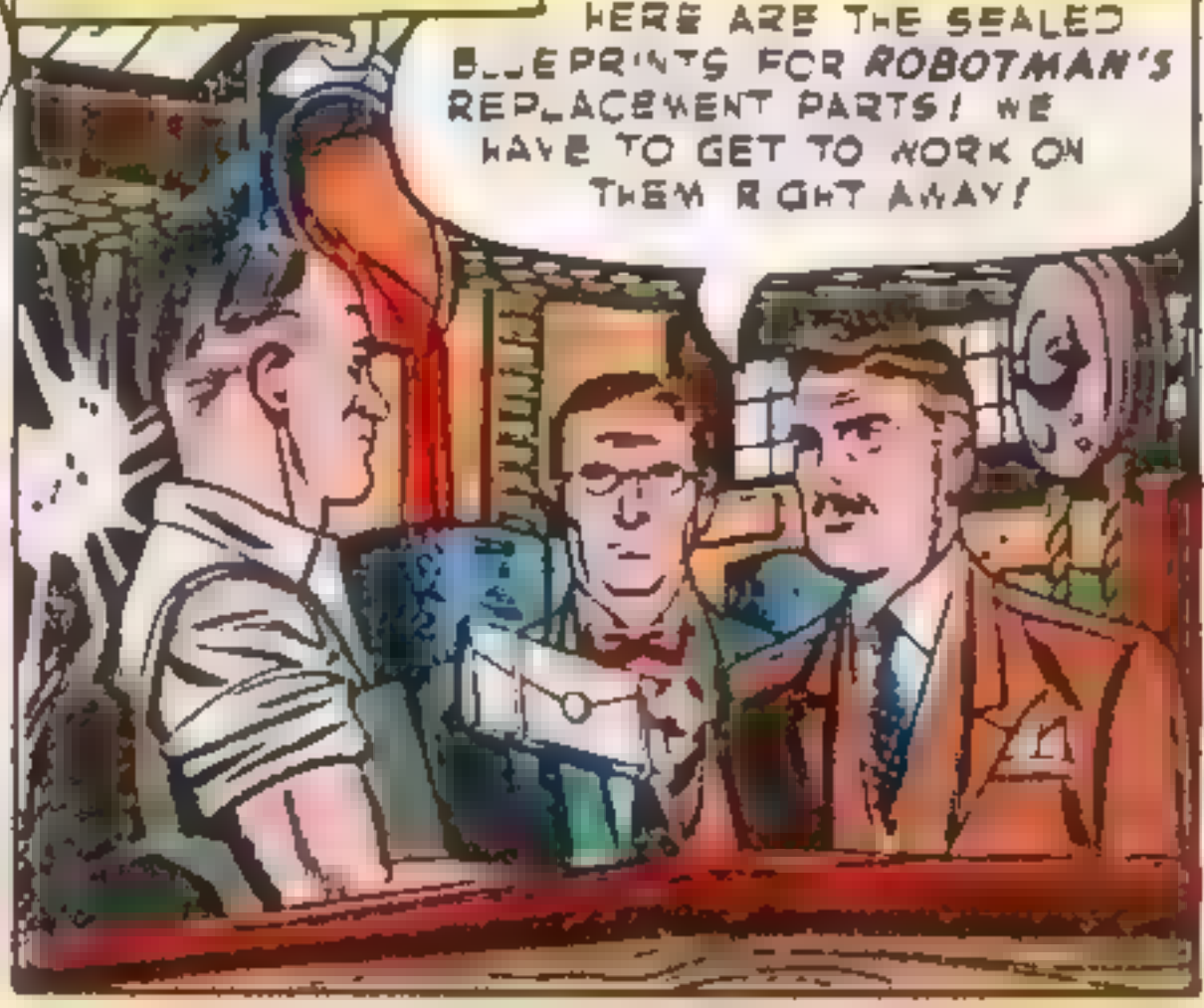
**ROBOTMAN... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?**

MY HUMAN BRAIN WASN'T HURT. BUT MY METAL BODY IS **RUINED!** CONTACT **ARCHER AND SONS**. THEY MAKE REPLACEMENT PARTS FOR ME!



**NEXT DAY, IN THE FACTORY OF ARCHER AND SONS, METAL WORKERS..**

HERE ARE THE SEALED BLUEPRINTS FOR **ROBOTMAN'S** REPLACEMENT PARTS! WE HAVE TO GET TO WORK ON THEM RIGHT AWAY!



**ROBOTMAN, EH? HE SENT ME UP THE RIVER! WHAT A CHANCE FOR REVENGE! YEAH... AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT WITHOUT ANYONE SUSPECTING!**



THIS CHEMICAL I'M POURING IN WILL WEAKEN THE METAL THAT GOES INTO HIS BODY... MAKE IT BRITTLE AS A PANE OF GLASS! NEXT TIME HE TRIES HIS STONGARM STUFF, WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S GOING TO GET!



**NEXT DAY...**

HEY... IT'S GOON PARS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE GOON? I THOUGHT YOU WENT STRAIGHT!

I DID... UNTIL I STUMBLED ACROSS SOMETHING TOO BIG TO PASS UP! YOU SEE... I KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF **ROBOTMAN!**



GET RID OF **ROBOTMAN?**

YOU'RE CRAZY! HE ALMOST MADE MINCEMEAT OUT OF US THE OTHER DAY AT THE BANK!



ANCIENT HISTORY, BOYS! **ROBOTMAN'S** NOT WHAT HE'S GONNA BE CRACKED UP TO BE... WA, HA! LISTEN...

AT THAT MOMENT, IN HIS SECRET LABORATORY, **ROBOTMAN** COMPLETES THE FASTENINGS OF HIS NEW BODY PARTS...

THERE! JUST AS GOOD AS NEW!

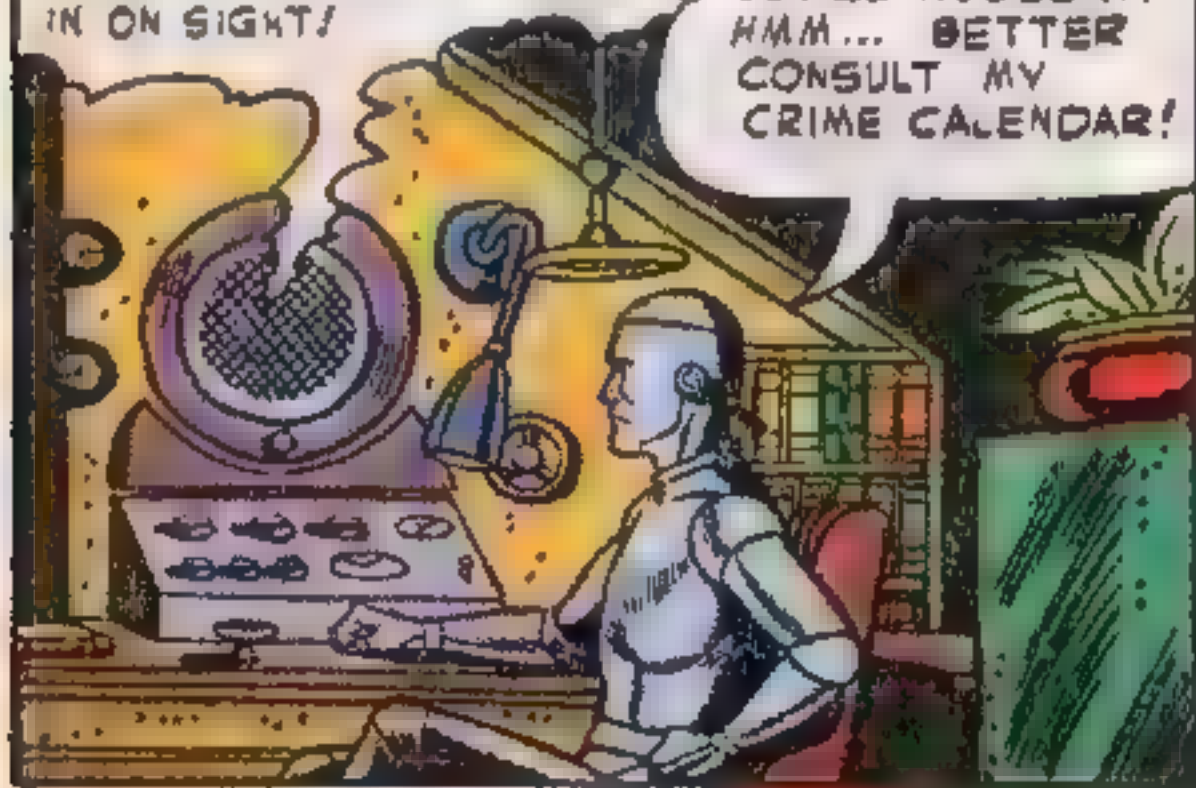




HIS STEEL FRAME ONCE AGAIN IN WORKING ORDER, THE METAL MARVEL RESUMES HIS NEVER-ENDING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME ..

ATTENTION ALL CARS! GOON PARIS HAS BROKEN PAROLE! BRING HIM IN ON SIGHT!

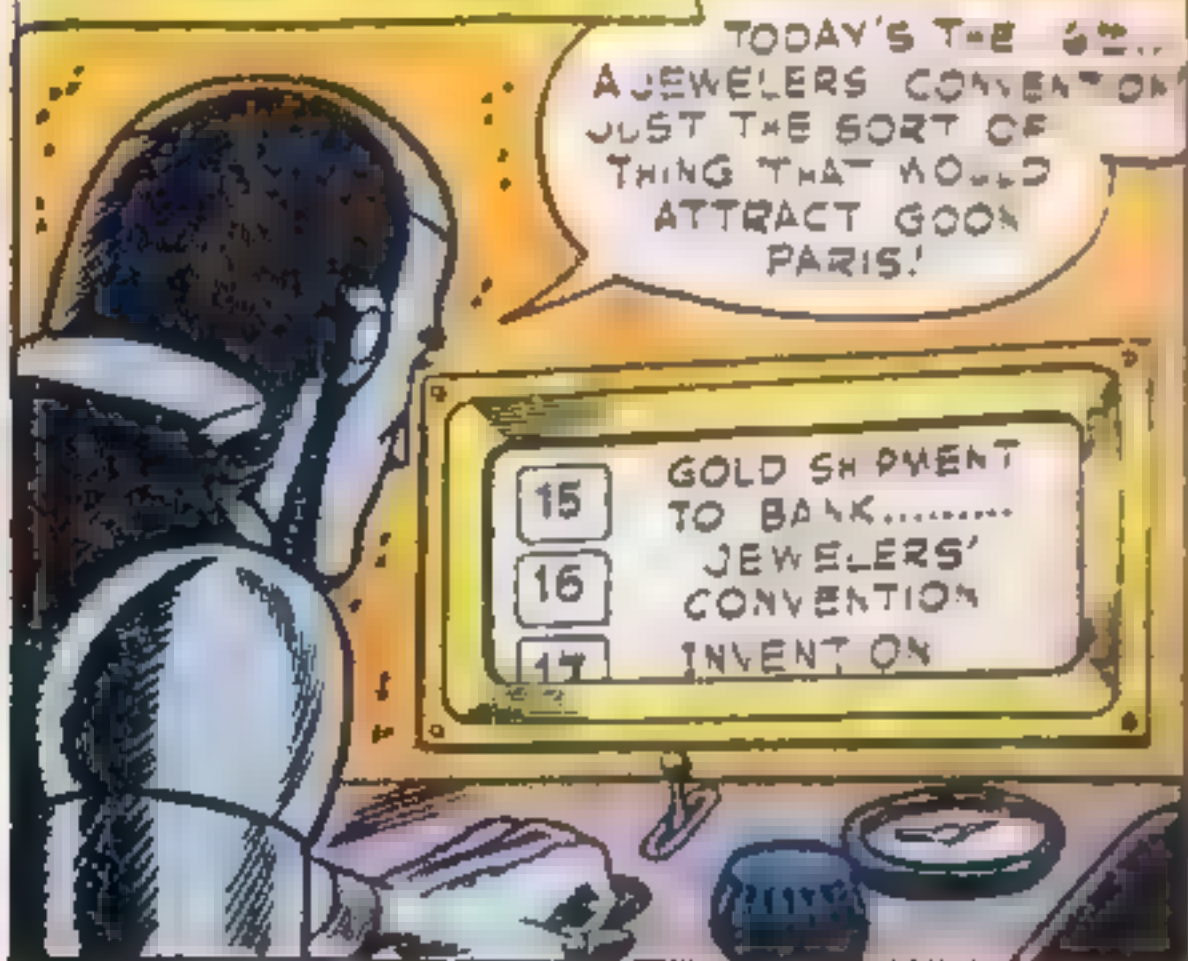
GOON PARIS? I SENT HIM TO THE BIG HOUSE FOR A JEWEL ROBBERY! HMM... BETTER CONSULT MY CRIME CALENDAR!



A METAL FINGER TOUCHES A WALL SWITCH, AND A CRIME CALENDAR... ROBOTMAN'S OWN INVENTION... FLASHES ON...

TODAY'S THE 62... A JEWELERS CONVENTION JUST THE SORT OF THING THAT WOULD ATTRACT GOON PARIS!

15	GOLD SHIPMENT TO BANK.....
16	JEWELERS' CONVENTION
17	INVENTION



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS SOME OF THE WORLD'S RAREST EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS GLITTER UNDER SOFT LIGHTS...

THE ORNAMENTS WE RIGGED ON THE ELECTRIC WIRES... THEY'RE FALLING!

SOMEBODY CUT THE WIRES! AND THERE'S GAS COMING FROM THE BROKEN ORNAMENTS!



MOMENTS LATER...

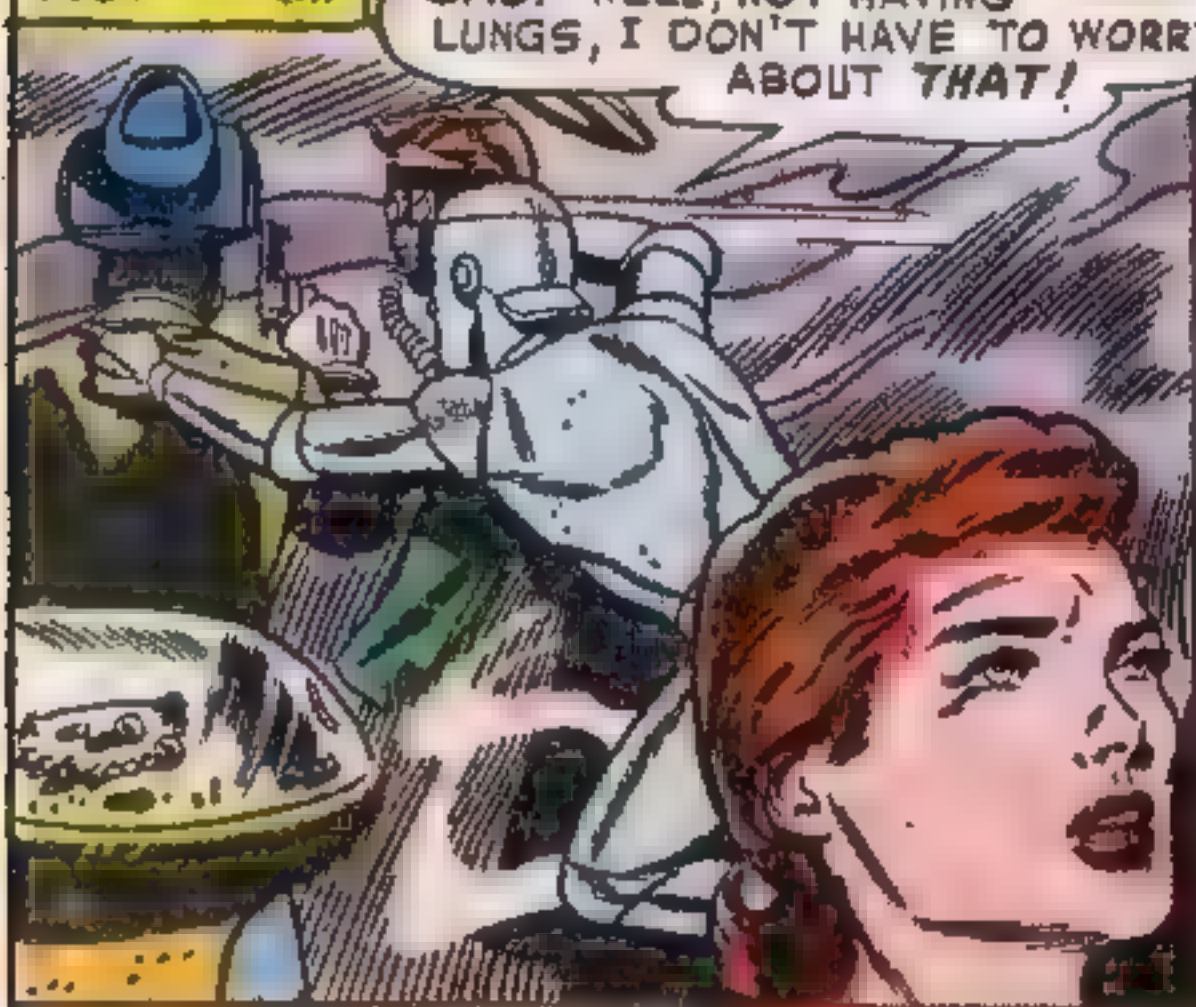
IT'S WORKIN' PERFECTLY!

CUTTIN' THEM LIGHT WIRES AFTER WE FILLED THOSE ORNAMENTS WITH SLEEPIN' GAS WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS!



JUST THEN...

GAS! WELL, NOT HAVING LUNGS, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT!



BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN...

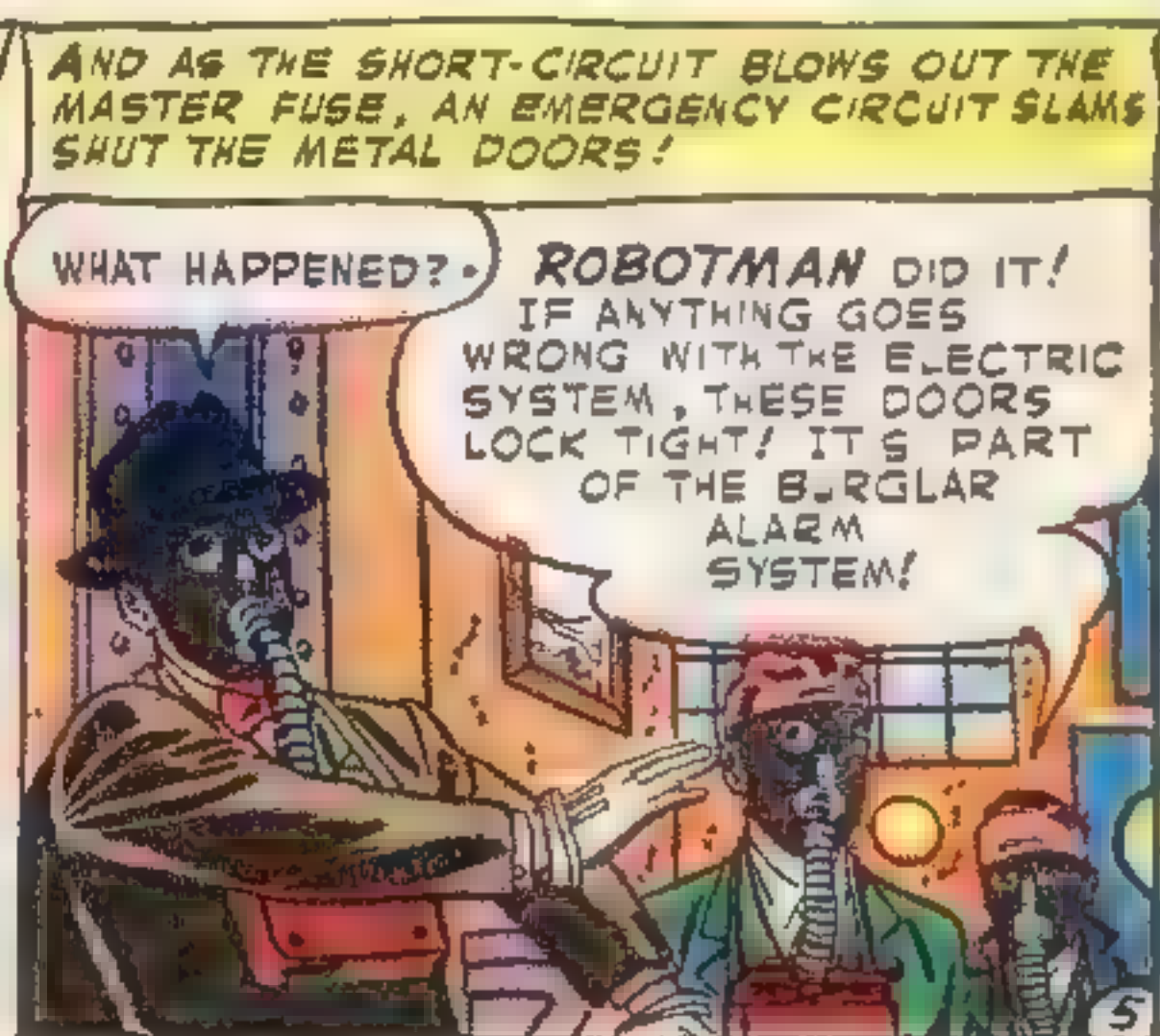
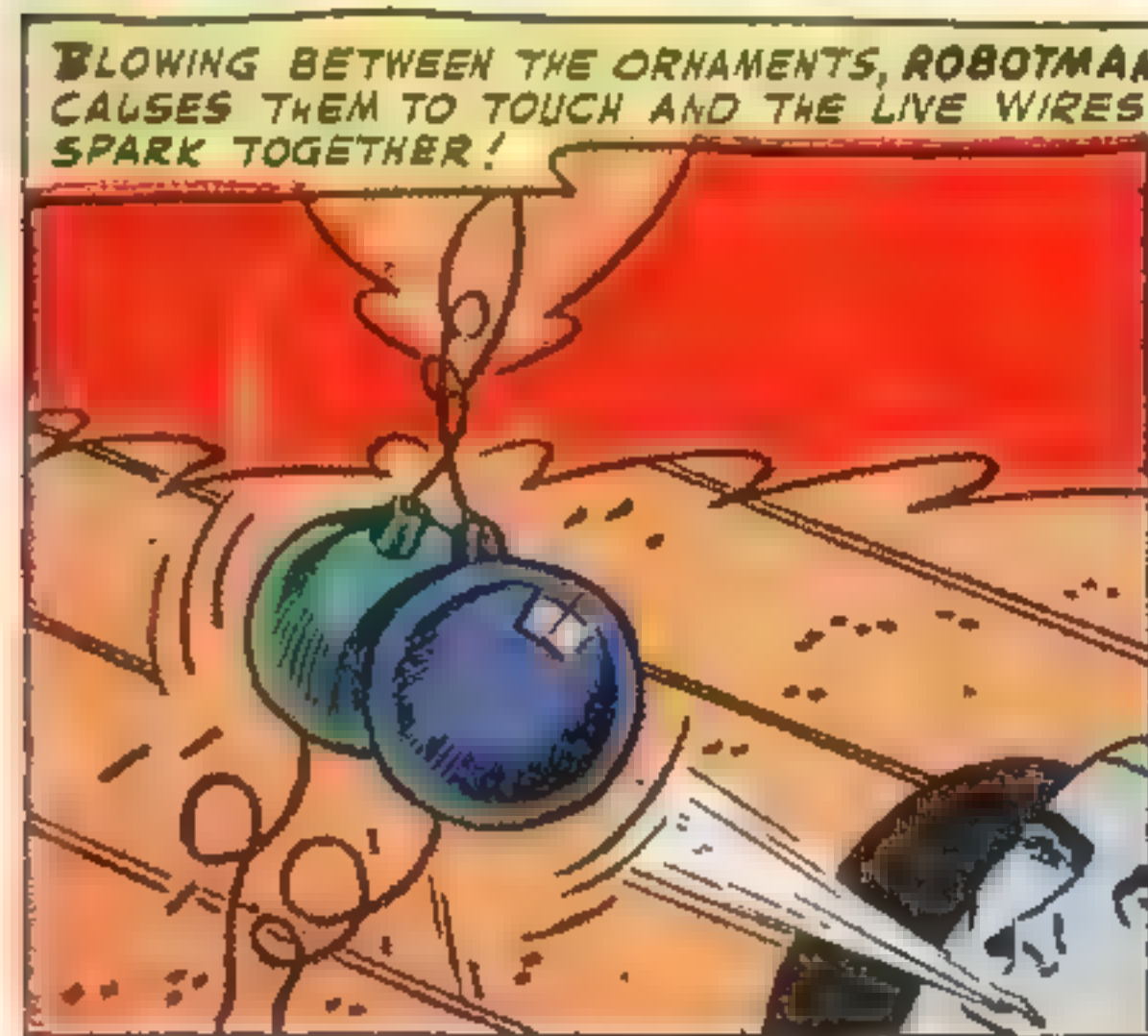
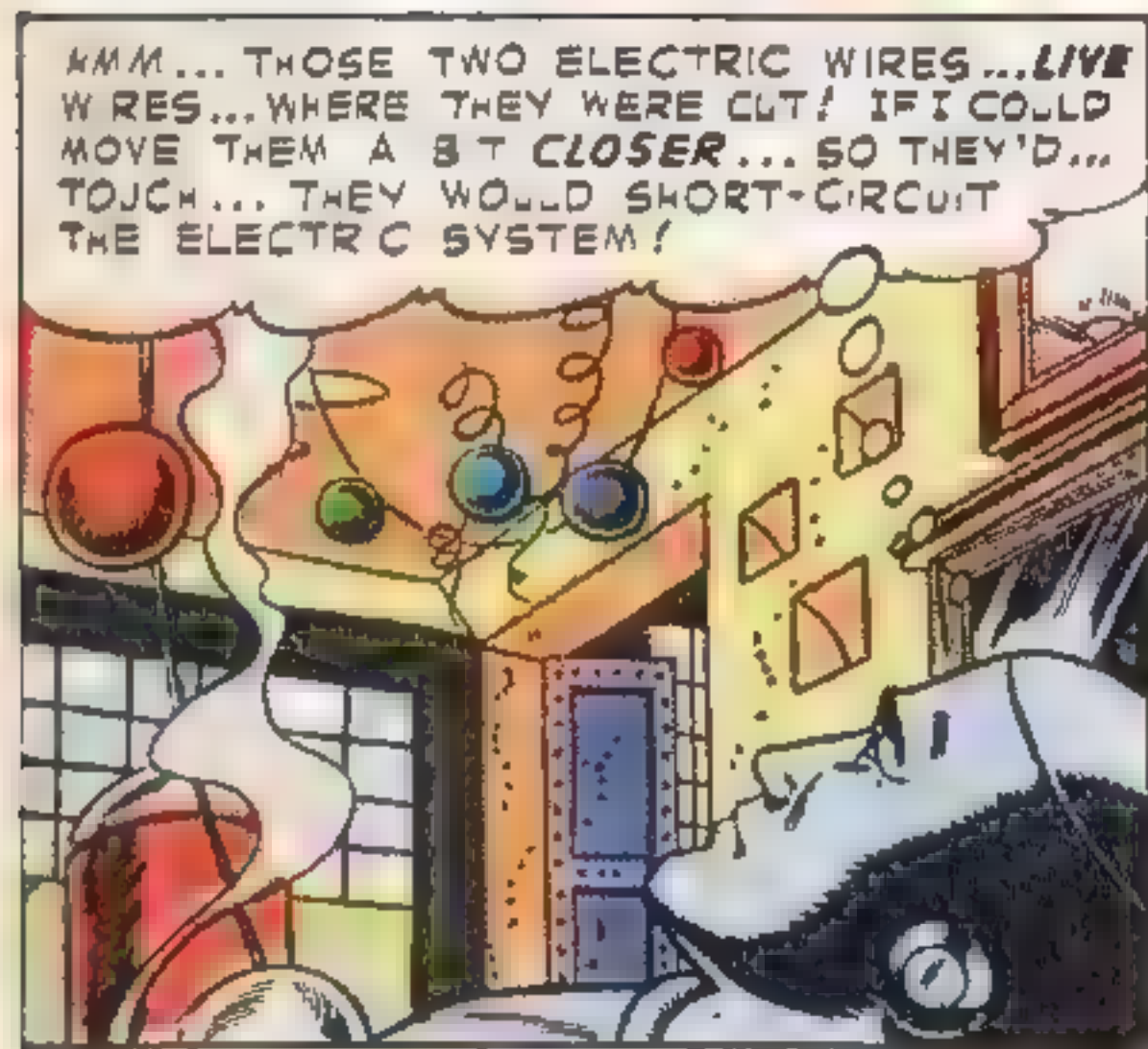
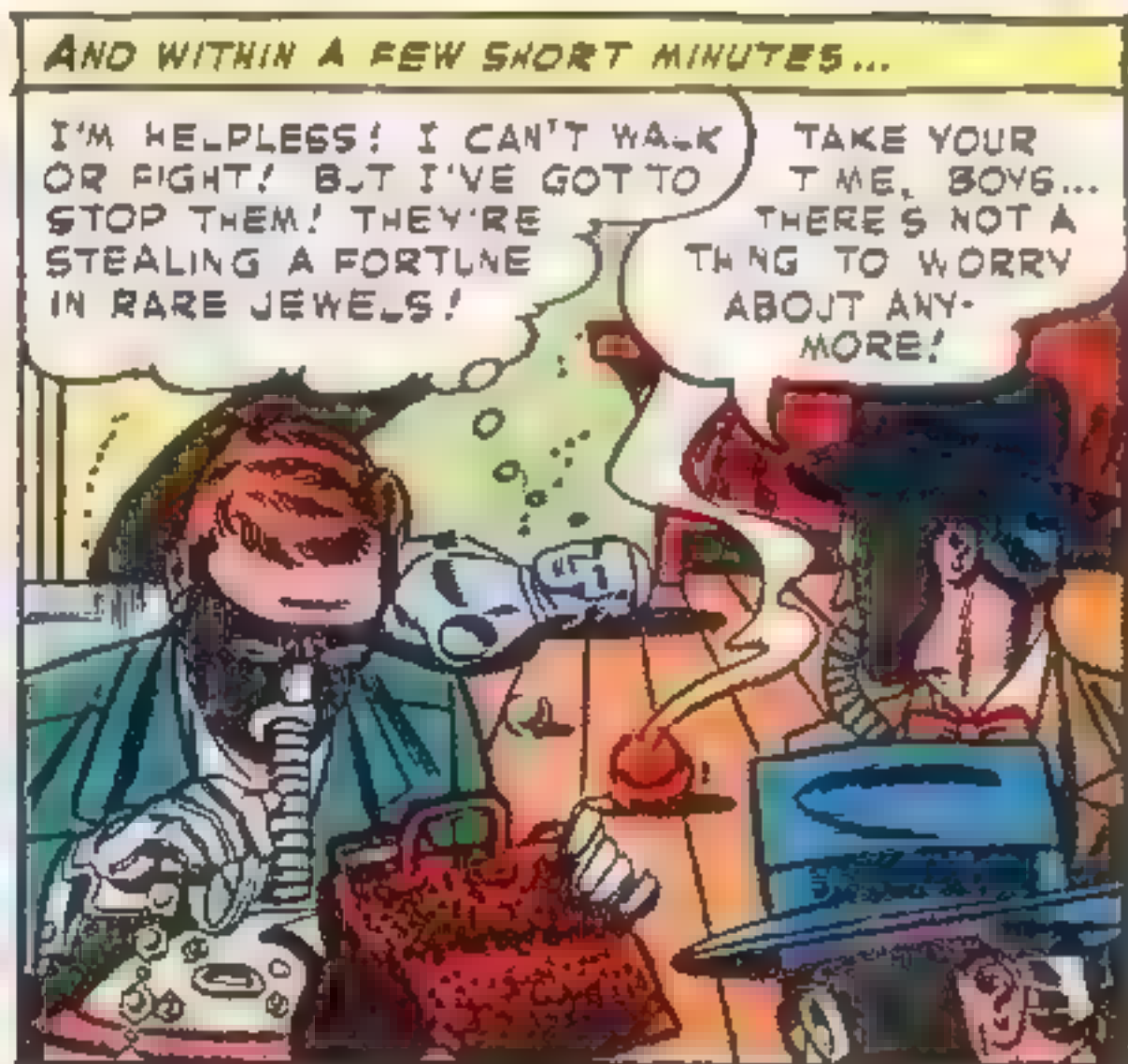
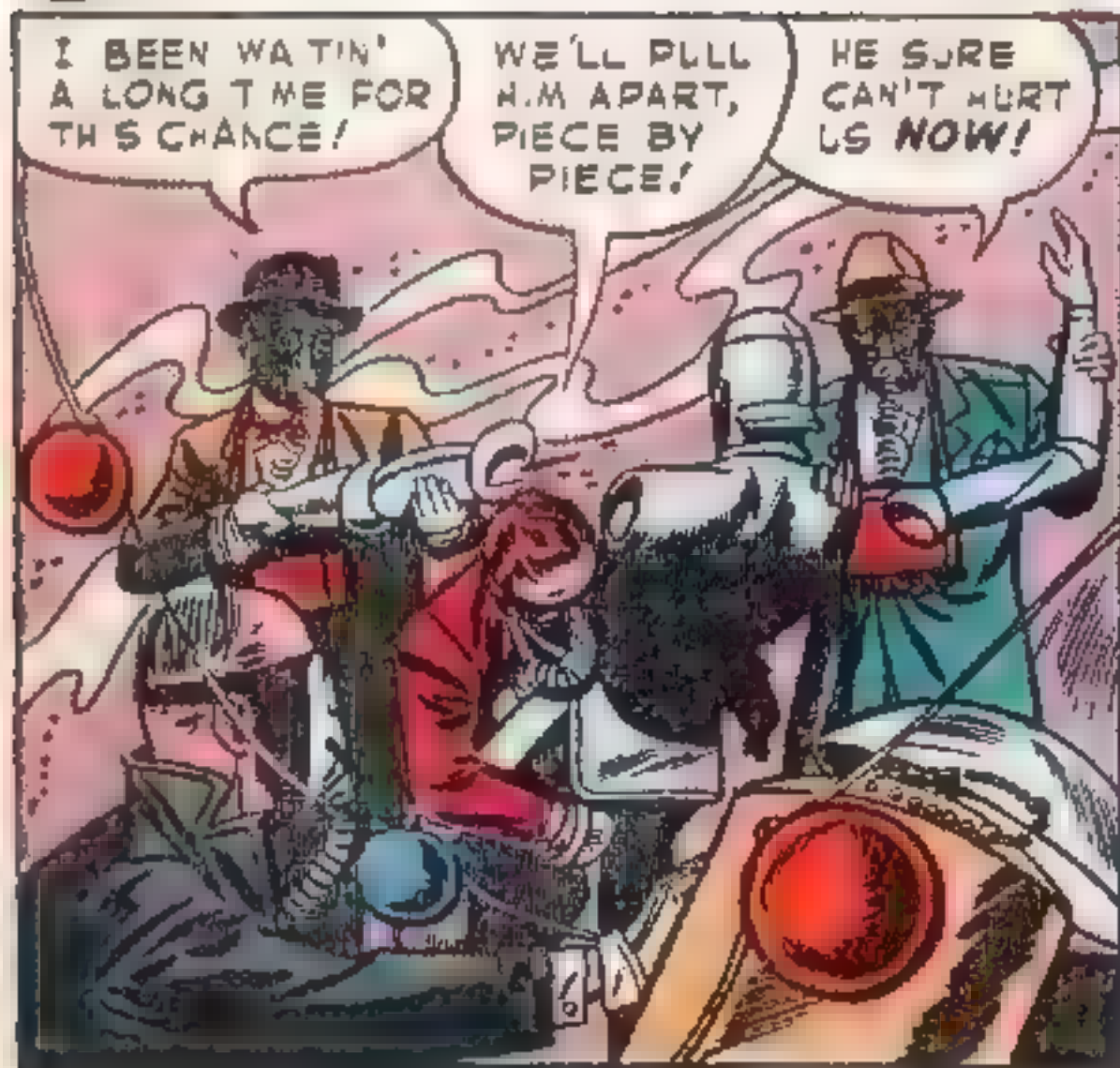
MY ARMS... THEY'RE COMING OFF! THE METAL IS TWISTING AS IF IT WERE PAPER!

HA, HA... GOON WAS RIGHT!

WE CAN SMASH HIM FOR GOOD! HE AIN'T STRONG NO MORE!









MAYBE I CAN'T WALK OR RUN OR FIGHT... BUT I CAN PUT ON A GOOD IMITATION OF A BOWLING BALL PLAYING AT "CROOKED" PINS!



**YOW!**  
**OIL!**

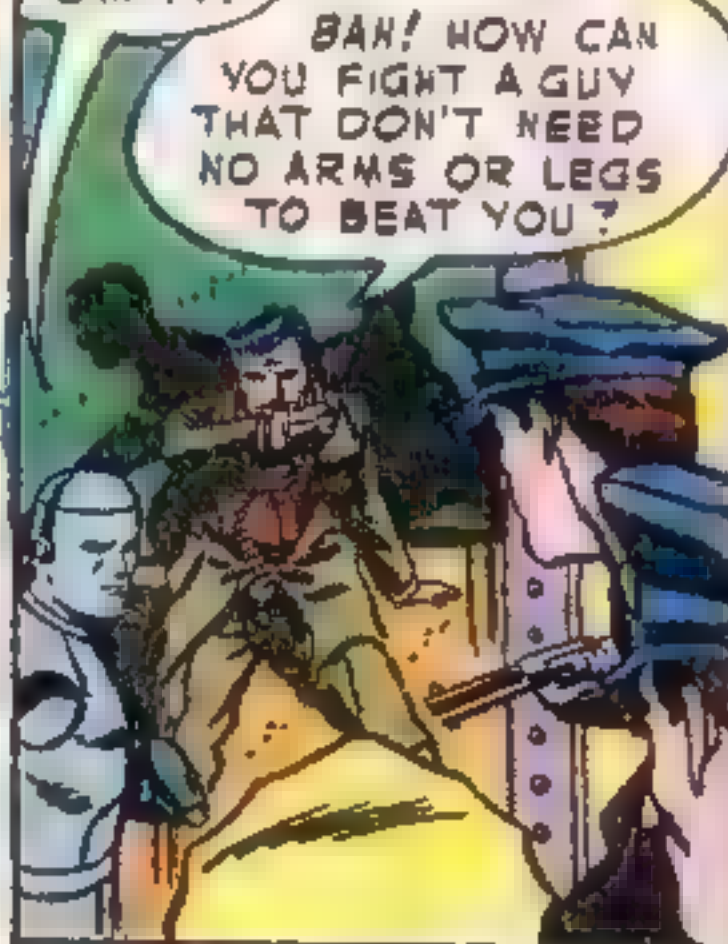
WITHOUT ARMS OR LEGS TO LUBRICATE, MY AUTOMATIC OILING GEARS JUST SPATTER THE STUFF ALL OVER!



SECONDS LATER, AS THE GREAT DOORS OPEN TO A MASTER SWITCH...

COME ON IN, OFFICERS! YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME... MY OIL BEARINGS ARE ALL EMPTY!

BAH! HOW CAN YOU FIGHT A GUY THAT DON'T NEED NO ARMS OR LEGS TO BEAT YOU?



AND SO, SOME WEEKS AFTERWARD...

TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T TREAT THESE METAL BARS LIKE YOU DID ROBOTMAN'S BODY, GOON! THEN WE COULD JUST PULL 'EM APART AND WALK OUT!

AKHH, SHADDUP!



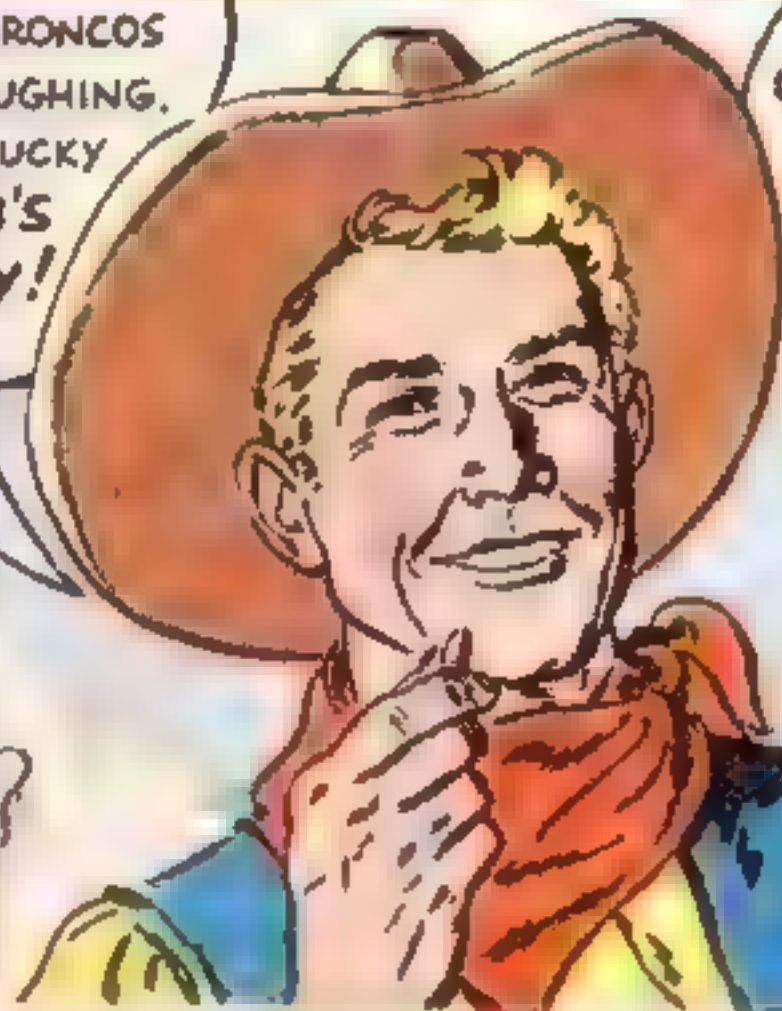
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WILD WEST CHARLIE HAS A **LUCKY LUDEN'S TIP...**

CAN'T BUST BRONCOS IF YOU'RE COUGHING. I RIDE 'EM LUCKY WITH LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY!

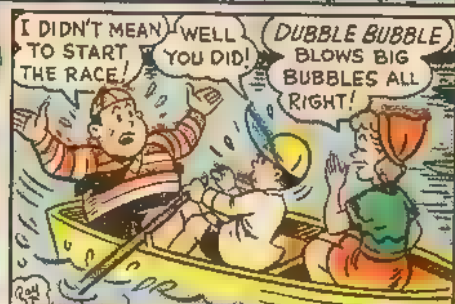
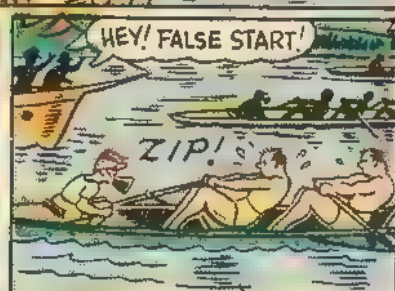
LUDEN'S TASTE DANDY - YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE THOSE JUICY CHERRIES!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE ALLOWED TO EAT LUDEN'S IN SCHOOL



and still only 5¢





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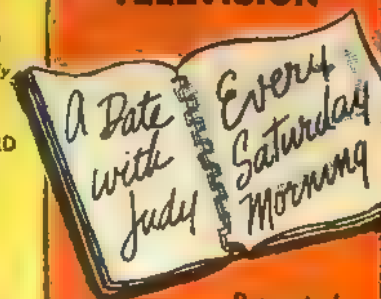
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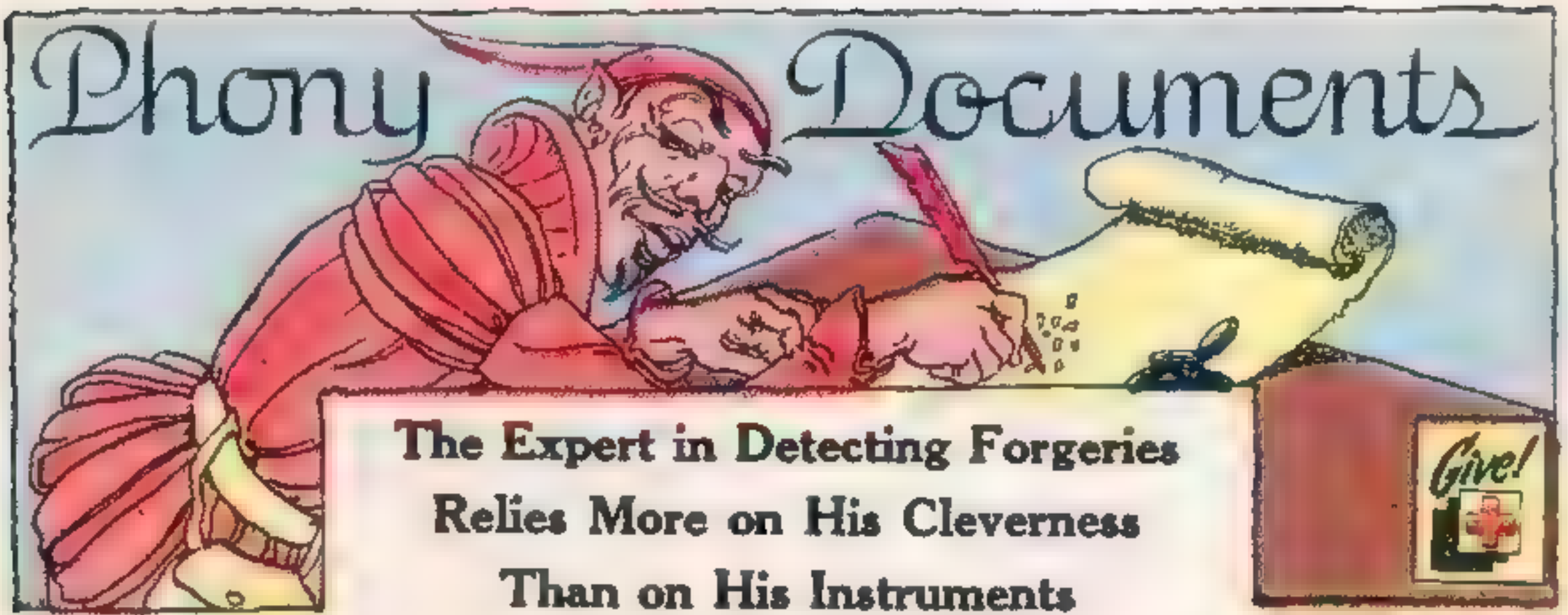
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**The Expert in Detecting Forgeries  
Relies More on His Cleverness  
Than on His Instruments**

**T**HE wealthy businessman stared suspiciously at the yellowed, crackling piece of paper he held in his hand. It looked like a treasure map, and the two men who had brought it to him said that it had fallen out of a rotted ranch hitching post when a mule kicked it over.

On the back of the map was a story in Spanish which told how a gang of bandits had swooped down out of the hot dry hills of Mexico in 1730 to capture a treasure-laden mule train. It told how they made a map of the area around the secret mine tunnel where the gold bricks were hidden, and then fled after making a map and hiding it in the post. Why they never came back was a mystery, but it seemed that they had been caught and executed.

Now the two men had come to the businessman to ask him to give \$10,000 to an outfit which was going to bring out the gold from Mexico. They told him that he would get at least \$50 for every one dollar that he put in. And the treasure map was the proof that they offered him.

It looked good, but the businessman wanted to make sure. He asked to borrow the map, and when they left, the businessman brought it to Clark Sellers, an expert in phony documents and forgeries.

Sellers examined the map very carefully.

At first glance, it appeared genuine, but under the microscope he noticed certain suspicious things.

In the first place, he saw fibers of esparto grass in the paper. Now esparto grass had been used at one time in the Southwest for making paper because linen and wood pulp were not available. But esparto grass was not used until 1850—over a hundred years after this paper was supposed to have been made.

In the second place, markings on the paper showed that the writing was done with a modern steel pen. Here again, the document was far ahead of its time. And to cinch the matter, a Spanish scholar was called in—and he declared that the language on the back of the map was modern Spanish and not the tongue used in Mexico 200 years ago.

Thus Sellers was able to prove that the map was a forgery. (The dry appearance, he said, was achieved by baking it in an oven for an hour or two). Faced with this evidence, the two men confessed that they had dreamed up the whole story as a scheme for making a quick fortune. Within weeks, they were behind bars.

In another case, a lawyer brought Sellers a will. It was important to determine whether the signature on it had been added at



the time the text was typed or afterward. Sellers knew of no chemical method by which you could tell whether the typing was older or the same age as the ink.

He thought he was stumped—until he noticed a tiny canal etched into the glossy surface coating of the paper. This canal was caused by a tiny insect eating away the coating. Sellers saw that the insect had also eaten parts of typewritten letters. This meant that the typing had been done *before* the insect had chewed its way across the page.

Sellers' eye jumped down to the signature, and saw that the ink line was unbroken—that it was written *over* the insect's trail. Thus Sellers saw that the typing had been done before the will was signed. This fact broke the case of several dishonest relatives who were trying to get the will proved false so that they could chisel money from the estate of the dead man.

Phony documents are either fakes being palmed off as the real thing (the treasure map, for example) or real documents with faked-in signatures or typing. Like Sellers, experts in detecting these forgeries are called investigators of phony documents.

They mostly work with the aid of a battery of scientific instruments. In cases where the thickness of the paper is important, Sellers uses a measuring device accurate to 1/10,000 of an inch. A device using a very powerful light from the side permits Sellers to read impressions of paper writing which go through the paper and stay there even though the writing itself is erased.

The investigator's best friend is the microscope. Using this, he can look at two typewritten documents and see if they were made on the same machine. He does this by comparing the wear and tear of the typewriter keys, the number of threads per inch

of the ribbons, and the condition of the ribbons. Looking through the 'scope, he can tell in an instant whether one of a pair of signatures is a forgery.

But more often than not, the investigator's own cleverness is more valuable than any instrument. In one bizarre case, his own brains were all the investigator had, for the "document" to be examined was a human body.

Across the back of a man who had died of carbon monoxide poisoning (he had been found in a garage full of fumes) was written the name "Alcano" in lipstick letters several inches high. A few days before his death, the man had said that a gambler named Alcano had threatened to kill him because he had not paid a gambling debt. The police suspected suicide because no trace of any Alcano could be found and because of the way the man had died. But since it seemed impossible to write on your own back, suicide was ruled out. The police were puzzled.

Then a document examiner was called in. He was puzzled, too, until he remembered that lipstick "offset"—that it could be transferred from one surface to another with only a reversal in design. He took a piece of cardboard, wrote "Alcano" in reversed letters on it, and pressed his back against it. Sure enough, "Alcano" came out perfectly clear on his back.

Thus the man could have committed suicide. It was found that he was heavily in debt, and that his life insurance would have paid double if he were murdered (instead of dying from natural causes). The extra money would have helped his wife pay the debts. When a new lipstick was found in his car, the suicide story was proved.

A phony documents investigator had again cracked a tough case!

—Dan Keene



# POW-WOW SMITH



POW-WOW SMITH PLANS TO SEE THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK DURING A POLICE CONVENTION... BUT IT'S MOSTLY THE OTHER WAY AROUND! FOR IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE BROADWAY THRILLS TO A SPECTACULAR DUEL BETWEEN THE BUCKSKIN-CLAD SOUX LAWMAN AND A CUNNING JEWEL THIEF, WHILE HEADLINE WRITERS TURN SONNETS INTO BATTERED EDICONS TO KEEP PACE WITH AN AMAZING INDIAN STYLE...

## "MANHUNT IN MANHATTAN!"

ONE DAY, AS PALE-FACE REPORTERS ANYBUSH A LONG INDIAN IN NEW YORK'S EXCLUSIVE HOTEL SUPERBA

THERE HE IS... POW-WOW SMITH, THE FAMOUS SOUX LAWMAN FROM THE WILD WEST!

LOOK SAVAGE FOR READERS OF THE DAILY TAB, POW-WOW!

WHAT...?

WHEN A BUCKSKIN-CLAD INDIAN DEPUTY DOES A WAR DANCE IN THE LOBBY OF MANHATTAN'S SHINEST HOTEL... THAT'S NEWS!

WAR DANCE? B...? IN A PEACE OFFICER ON VACATION, SEEING THE SIGHTS AND HOPING TO LEARN SOMETHING AT THE POLICE CONVENTION!





JUST THEN, A METALLIC GLINT IN A MIRROR CATCHES POW-WOW'S EYE...

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU MET A B.G. CITY BADMAN?

ONE OF THOSE MEN IS POINTING A HIDDEN GUN AT THE OTHER, TRYING TO APPEAR CASUAL! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY!

DOOF!

ONLY CROOKED SCHEMES REQUIRE GUN-POINTING, AS A RULE!

THANKS! HE WANTED MY KEY TO THIS JEWELRY DISPLAY I'M GUARDING!

BUT ABRUPTLY, AS TWO "INNOCENT BYSTANDERS" SPOT THE FRAY...

WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, REDSKIN?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I AM...

...AND MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN YOU'RE MINDING YOURS, I HOPE!

WHAT A STORY! THEY'RE AFTER THOSE SPARKLERS PRESENTED TO GLORIA GALT, THE BALLET DANCER, BY KINGS AND MILLIONAIRE ADMIRERS!

THE BOYS CAN'T HANDLE HIM. WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

DEFTLY, THE BEARDED MAN WAVES HIS WAND, AND...

LET'S GO BOYS! WE'LL TRY AGAIN WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR OF SAVAGES!

TEAR GAS! COUGH-COUGH!

I'M... COUGHING... CHOKING!

AND AS ALL BUT ONE OF THE DARING BANDITS ESCAPE...

TAKE HIM, SOMEBODY! I'M TEMPORARILY BLINDED!

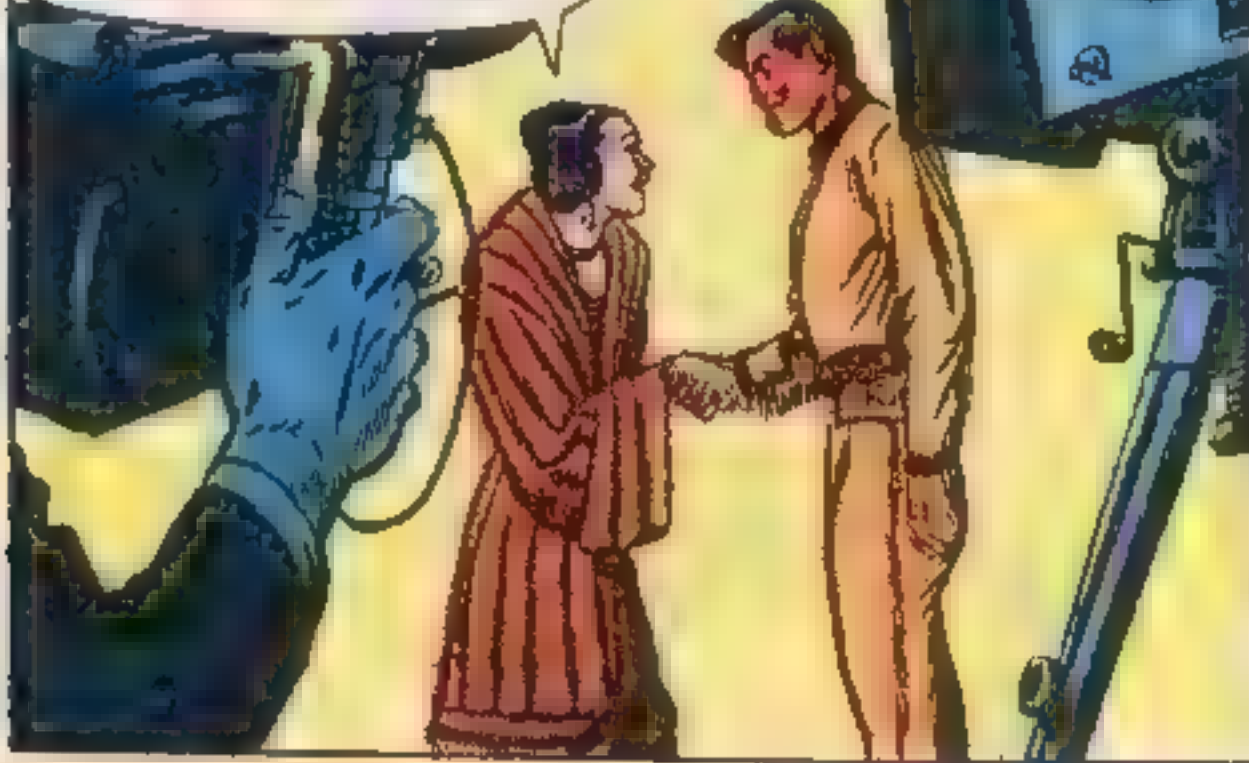
THAT WAND'S THE TRADE MARK OF "MR. MAGIC", THE KING OF JEWEL THEVES! HE'S BAFFLED THE CITY'S SMARTEST LAW-MEN... BUT AN INDIAN DEPUTY WAS TOO SMART FOR HIM! THIS WILL MAKE POW-WOW SMITH FAMOUS!



LATER, AS THE NEAR-VICTIM OF THE CRIME EXPRESSES HER GRATITUDE...

YOU WERE WONDERFUL, MR. SMITH! PLEASE BE MY GUEST AT THE BALLET TONIGHT, AND A PARTY SOME OF MY FRIENDS ARE GIVING LATER!

WHY... LH... I'D BE HAPPY TO, MISS GALT!



AFTERWARD, AT THE LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT...

I MAGINE THE NERVE OF "MR. MAGIC," TRYING THAT RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES, INSPECTOR! THANK GOODNESS, POW-WOW WAS ON HIS TOES!

HE'S A REAL POLICEMAN, CHIEF! I ONLY HOPE ALL THIS HERO-STUFF DOESN'T GO TO HIS HEAD!



AND CERTAIN STARTLING CHANGES OCCUR IN POW-WOW THAT NIGHT...

PALEFACES ARE FUNNY, CALLING INDIAN BEADS AND BONNETS BARBARIC... AND THEN DRESSING UP IN STIFF COLLARS AND BOILED SHIRTS!



LATER, AT THE BALLET.

COMING FROM A LONG LINE OF DANCERS, THIS IS A TREAT FOR ME! MISS GALT IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE FINEST I'VE SEEN!

THAT'S THE WILD INDIAN WHOSE PICTURES IN THE PAPERS! ISN'T HE HANDSOME?



AND AT THE EXCLUSIVE HERON CLUB, WHERE BROADWAY GOSSIP COLUMNISTS KEEP THE SCORE ON CELEBRITIES...

POW-WOW SMITH WITH GLORIA GALT'S PARTY, EH? THAT SHOULD MAKE FOR A JUICY PARAGRAPH OR TWO!

I'LL WRITE SOMETHING LIKE, "LO, THE POOR INDIAN, DAZZLED BY THE SPLENDOR OF THE GAY WHITE WAY!"



POW-WOW, THIS IS MONTE NORRIS, THE FAMOUS WORLD TRAVELER AND SPORTSMAN!

AM, YES... THE INDIAN! BUT NOT LIKE THE INDIAN MAHARAJAS WHO HUNTED TIGERS WITH ME IN THE HINDU KUSH!

NO, NOT EXACTLY MR. NORRIS



POW-WOW'S WESTERN PLAINS WERE NEVER LIKE THIS! WILL HE BE DECEIVED BY ALL THIS GLAMOR?



GLORIA, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TODAY, I DON'T THINK IT'S SAFE FOR YOU TO WEAR ALL THOSE JEWELS! I'M TAKING YOU HOME IN MY LIMOUSINE!

MY PRESS AGENT INSISTS THEY'RE GOOD PUBLICITY! YOU CAN GIVE US A LIFT... BUT WHO'D DARE BOTHER ME WITH POW-WOW HANDY?

WHO INDEED WOULD DARE MAKE A SECOND ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE JEWELS? LATER, AS THE LIMOUSINE NEARS THE HOTEL...

GREAT SCOTT! POW-WOW, THAT'S THE MOST CARELESS CAR DRIVER I'VE SEEN YET!

I'M NOT SO SURE, MONTE! IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF HE DID THAT ON PURPOSE!

OUTSIDE, EVERYBODY! THIS IS A STICKUP, AND...YOW! WATCH OUT FOR THE INDIAN!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

I'VE GOT A GUN!

STOP HIM, MONTE! HE'LL BE KILLED!

THEY'RE THE ONES I WANT TO STOP! AFTER ALL, YOUR JEWELS ARE PRICELESS!

MOMENTS LATER...

REEE EEEEE EEEEE!

POLICE SRENS! LET'S GO!

OH... MY SHOULDER!

POW-WOW... YOU'RE HIT!

BUT WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE'S YOUR NECKLACE, GLORIA?

JUST A SCRATCH... AND I SEE "MR. MAGIC" LEFT ANOTHER "WAND"! THIS IS THE SECOND TIME HE FAILED...

WHAT...? ONE OF THEM MUST HAVE SNATCHED IT...AND I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE!



PRESENTLY AS POW-WOW RECEIVES FIRST-AID FOR HIS WOUND...

WHAT WILL I TELL THE REPORTERS WHEN THEY ASK WHETHER I STILL PLAN TO WEAR MY JEWELS IN PUBLIC?

THE OLD INDIAN TRICK OF THE LURE AND THE AMBUSH IS STILL GOOD! TELL THEM OF COURSE YOU WILL... THAT "MR. MAGIC" CAN'T SCARE YOU...

...BUT ARRANGE SECRETLY FOR POLICE PROTECTION, AND GET IMITATION JEWELS! I'LL HELP YOU ARRANGE A SECRET HIDE-OUT PLACE IN YOUR DRESSING-ROOM AT THE THEATER!

IN OTHER WORDS I'M TO DARE "MR. MAGIC" TO TRY AGAIN?

THAT'S IT! IF HE BOTHERS YOU, THE POLICE WILL BE READY FOR HIM... AND YOUR WORRIES WILL BE OVER!

IT'S WORTH TRYING, GLORIA!

NEXT MORNING, POW-WOW DISCOVERS HE'S NO LONGER A HERO.

GLORIA DAILY LOSES JEWELS AS "MR. MAGIC'S" 2ND TRY OVERWHELMS POW-WOW SMITH

DAILY TAB  
SIDUX LAWMAN TOPPLES FROM HERO'S PEDES

THE POOR INDIAN ARRESTED IN BRASS JURY

SUCH A FAYE! MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL I'M NO LONGER A CELEBRITY, SINCE THAT BULLET RUINED MY ONLY BOILED SHIRT!

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE BALLET...

THERE SHE GOES, WEARING A FORTUNE IN JEWELS TO SOME PARTY, AS USUAL... AND NOT EVEN THAT INDIAN SHERIFF TO PROTECT HER!

GUESS SHE DECIDED HE WASN'T MUCH PROTECTION, AFTER THE HOLDUP LAST NIGHT!

AND AN HOUR LATER, WHEN THE THEATER IS DESERTED...

THE COAST'S CLEAR. THE WATCHMAN'S MAKING HIS ROUNDS IN BACK!

THOSE STARS LEAD TO THE DRESSING-ROOMS DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!



SOON AFTER, IN THE STAR'S DRESSING-ROOM BENEATH THE STAGE.

HERE'S A DIAMOND BRACELET AND A RUBY RING, "MR. MAGIC"!

NOT VERY INGENUOUS, HIDING GEMS IN COLD-CREAM JARS AND TAPING THEM BENEATH THE TABLE... BUT IT MAKES OUR JOB EASY!

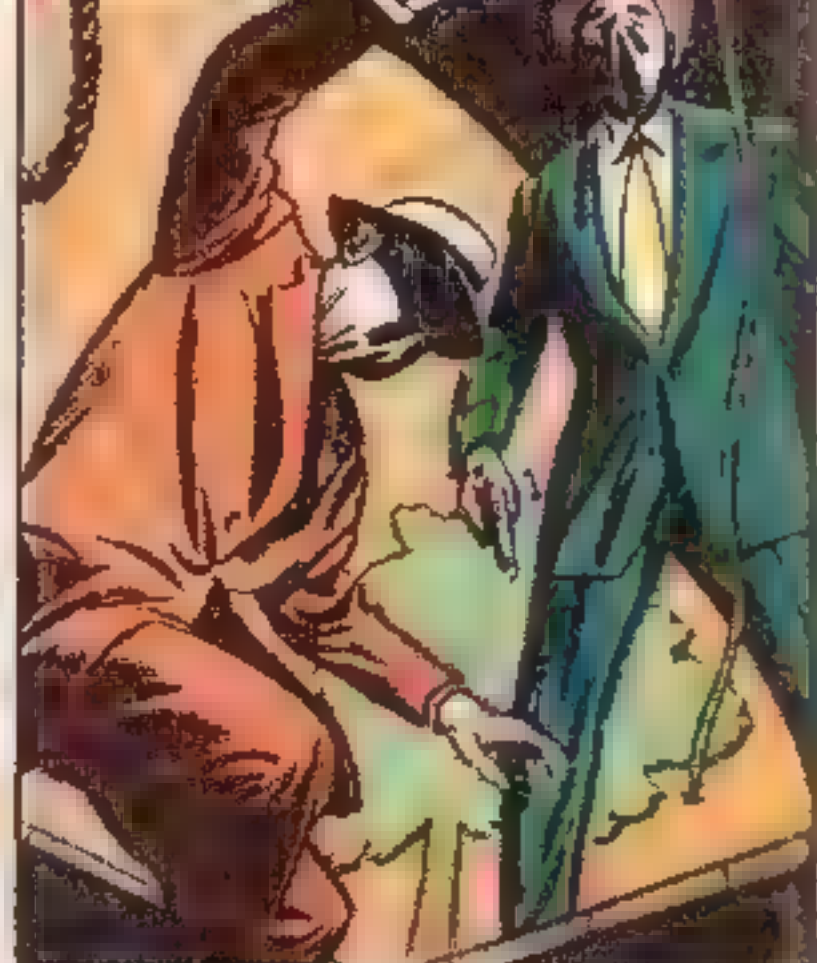
BUT WHEN THE MASTER THIEF AND HIS HENCHMEN PREPARE TO LEAVE...

THE WATCHMAN! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE ANOTHER WAY! HEAD FOR THE BACK WINDOW AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE!

NO SENSE SHOOTING HIM UNLESS HE ASKS FOR IT!

ABRUPTLY... OOPS! HEY... I'M FALLING INTO A NET!

SOMEBODY UP ON THE CATWALK PULLED THAT WIRE! I SEE HIM!

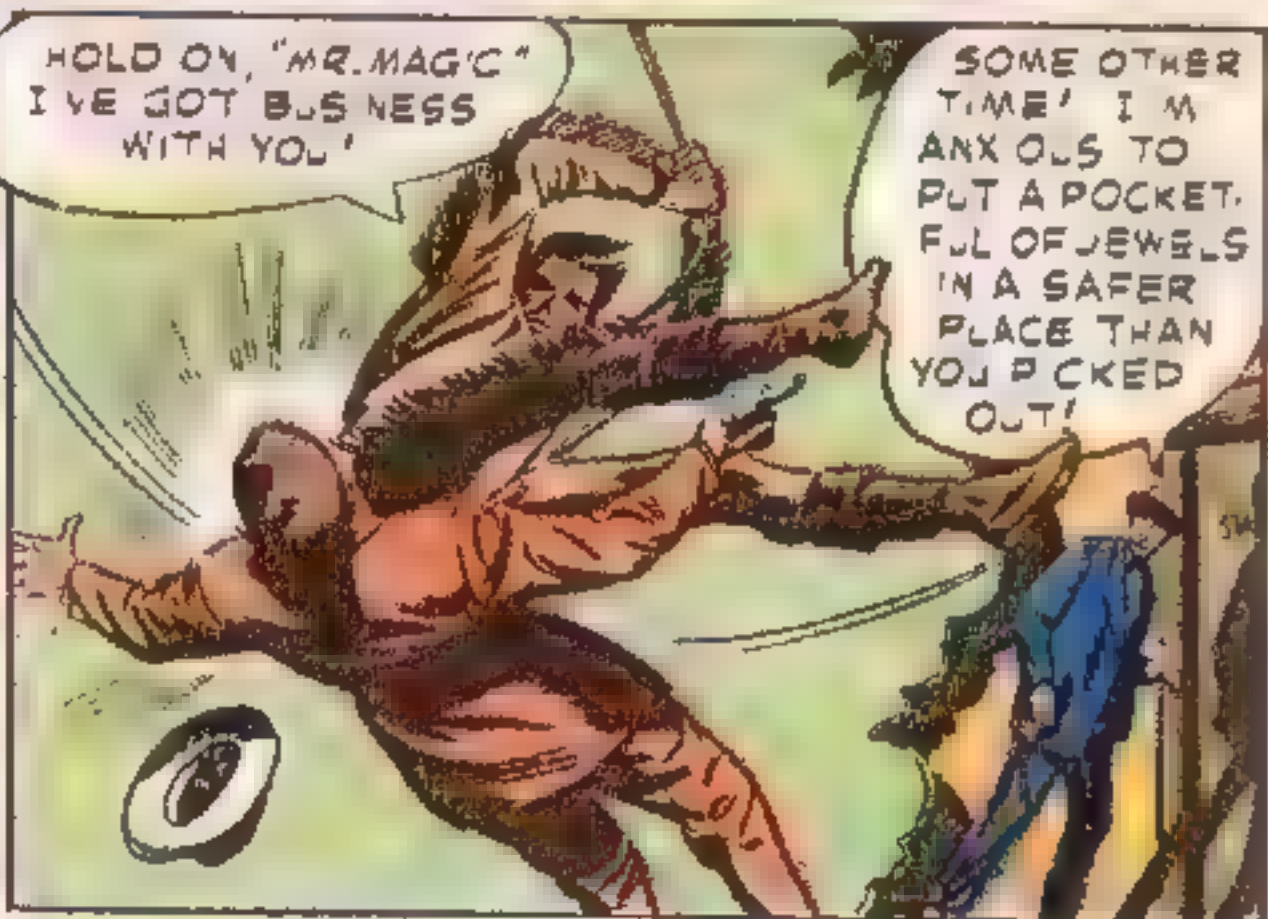


POW-WOW SMITH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT'S SO SURPRISING ABOUT FINDING A WILD INDIAN HERE? IF THIS ROPE WAS A VINE, I'D FEEL RIGHT AT HOME!

HOLD ON, "MR. MAGIC" I'VE GOT BUSINESS WITH YOU!

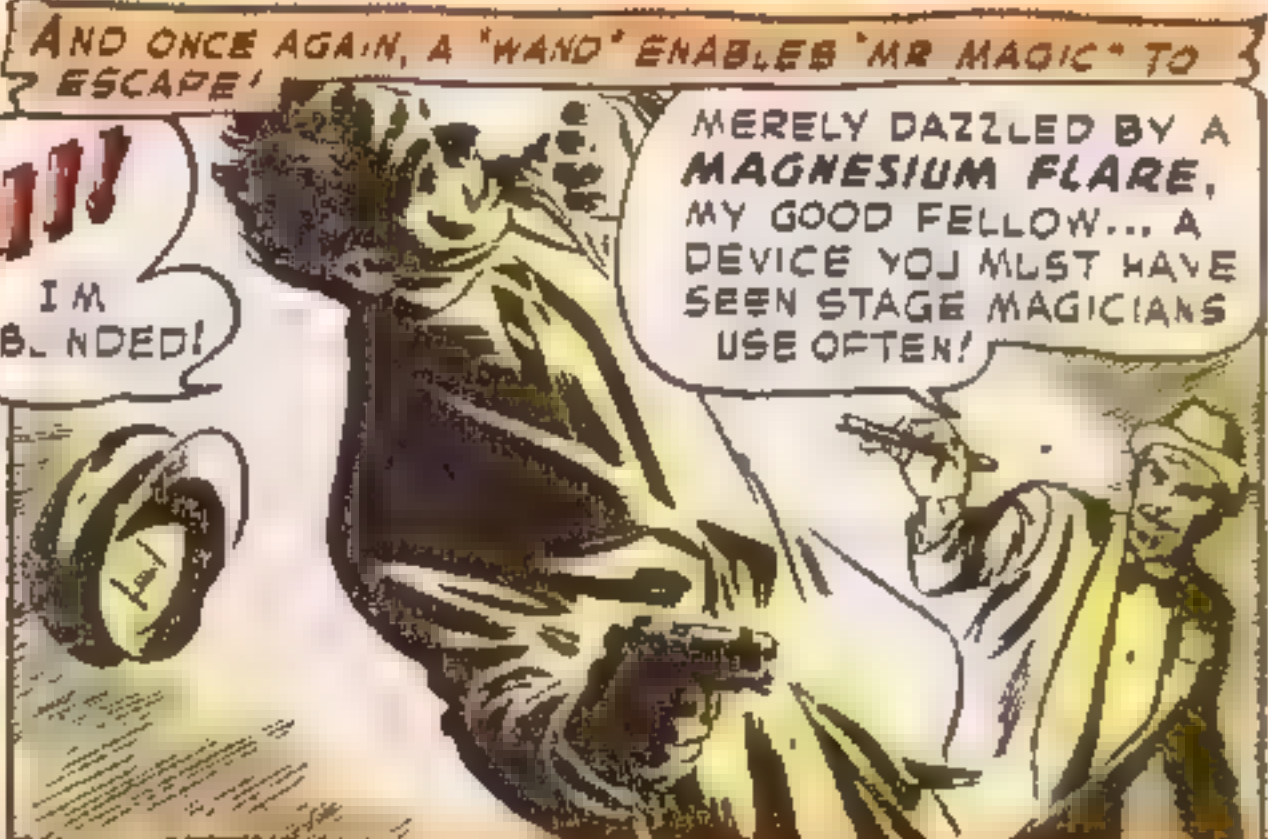
SOME OTHER TIME! I'M ANXIOUS TO PUT A POCKETFUL OF JEWELS IN A SAFER PLACE THAN YOU PICKED OUT!



AND ONCE AGAIN, A "WAND" ENABLES "MR. MAGIC" TO ESCAPE!

YIIII! I'M BLINDED!

MERELY DAZZLED BY A MAGNESIUM FLARE, MY GOOD FELLOW... A DEVICE YOU MUST HAVE SEEN STAGE MAGICIANS USE OFTEN!



IS POW-WOW'S RUGGED WESTERN TRAINING UNEQUAL TO THE WILES OF THIS TRICKY CRIMINAL?







I NEVER DREAMED MONTE COULD BE "MR. MAGIC"!

I WONDERED... AND AFTER LAST NIGHT'S HOLDUP I WAS SURE! HE WAS SHOOTING, BUT THE BANDITS IGNORED HIM... ALTHOUGH THEY TRIED TO KILL ME... AND NO ONE ELSE WAS IN A POSITION TO GRAB THE NECKLACE UNNOTICED!

SETTING THE TRAP WAS EASY! MY ANCESTORS MIGHT HAVE DONE IT BETTER, IF THEY'D KNOWN ABOUT ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT, FLUORESCENT CHEMICALS AND MAGNETS! OF COURSE, MONTE THOUGHT SHE'D WEAR THE IMITATION JEWELS, INSTEAD OF LEAVING THEM FOR HIM TO STEAL!

I WORE THE REAL ONES, AS I TOLD THE REPORTERS I WOULD! BUT I'LL FEEL SAFER WEARING THEM AFTER THIS, THANKS TO POW-WOW!

YOU'LL BE A HERO AGAIN WHEN THE PAPERS COME OUT, POW-WOW... BIGGER THAN EVER!

TOO BAD I WON'T BE AROUND! SINCE THE POLICE CONVENTION'S OVER, I'M TAKING THE FIRST PLANE HOME... WHERE THINGS ARE SO SLOW, A MAN DOESN'T HAVE TO READ THE LATEST PAPER TO SEE HOW HE'S DOING!

PLENTY OF PEOPLE WILL FEEL SAFER! NO OTHER CROOK HAS "MR. MAGIC'S" CUNNING... AND HE'LL BE OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR QUITE AWHILE!

The End

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